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MAY 6, 1969

HAT NOW IN VIETNAM?
–an editorial

NATIONAL REVIEW

STUDENT PROTESTS:
...On the other hand / JOHN COYNE

THE KID-KILLERS
SUZANNE LABIN

A POLICEMAN SPEAKS OUT
(Anon)

THE BLUE PHANTOM

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Also in this Issue:

John Braine ▪ Constantine FitzGibbon ▪ James Burnham
Russell Kirk ▪ Wm. F. Buckley Jr. ▪ Peter Witonski

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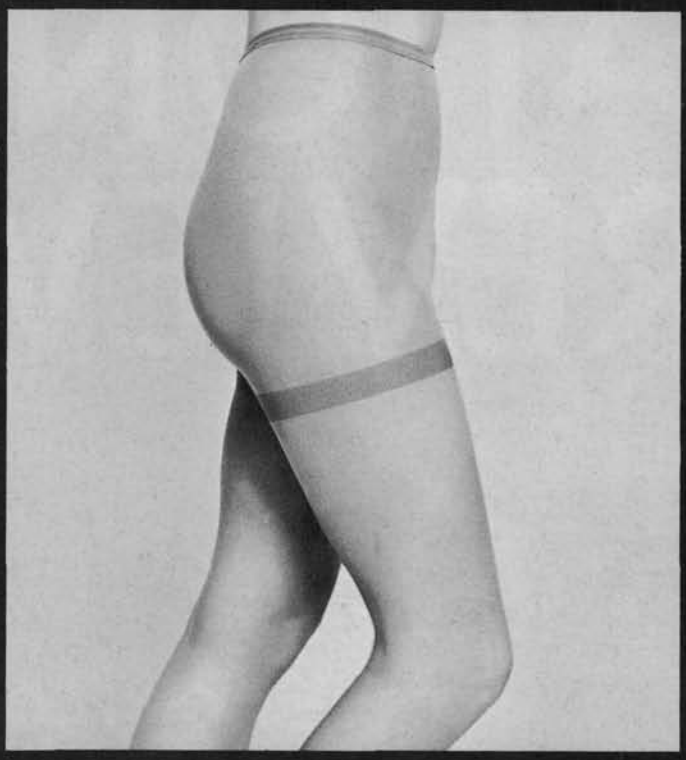

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FOR THE RECORD

■ Acting President **S. I. Hayakawa** of San Francisco State (who's been there) had two words of advice for Harvard's **Nathan Pusey**: 1) have enough police on campus so that those who want to learn and teach can do so and 2) avoid faculty meetings (because radical elements will pack them). . . . Private poll of Democratic fund-raisers in California shows Hayakawa far and away the most popular potential Democratic gubernatorial candidate and a close challenger to **Ronald Reagan**, whose popularity statewide is at all-time peak. . . . **Jesse Unruh**, who got derailed a year ago by his all-out support of **Bobby Kennedy**, is now wooing the left-fringes of the Party: e.g., he was featured speaker before California Democratic Council (which he used to spurn) and which, for instance, last week adopted a resolution calling for repeal of West Germany's statute of limitations on further war-crimes trials (a flaming issue in California, to be sure). . . . Unruh, who has lost much rank-and-file support to San Francisco Mayor **Joseph Alioto**, now needs the bodies & dollars of the CDC types. . . . The boycott of California grapes has been so complete at markets in the Hyde Park area of Chicago that **grape-lovers**, who used to pay 29¢ a pound are now paying 69¢—for South African grapes.

■ Unusual: **Louis Stokes** (D., Ohio), a brand-new member of HCIS (formerly HUAC), was one of 51 congressmen to vote against the HCIS appropriation this year. Only five Republicans joined the minority: **Ogden Reid**, **Daniel Button** and **Frank Horton**, New York; **Bradford Morse**, Mass., and **Charles Whalen**, Ohio. . . . Latest UPI poll shows the Senate vote, at the moment, 49 to 42 against the ABM, with **Charles Percy** leading the Republican dissidents. . . . A gain for **Nixon**: refusal of **Marion Folsom**, the former **Eisenhower** cabinet member, and of **Matthew Ridgeway** to join National Citizens Committee Against the ABM. Didn't like the politics of some of the other sponsors. . . . **Walter Reuther** says his UAW will also oppose ABM because "it is an extension of the insane nuclear rat race that will bring destruction to mankind." Reuther move interpreted more as dig at hard anti-Communist **George Meany** than as attempt to sway individual workers.

■ In a recent and enlightening interview Gen. **Vo Nguyen Giap** (the victor of Dienbienphu) told Italian newspaper woman **Oriana Fellaci** that U.S. figures that the war had cost North Vietnam and the Vietcong half a million troops were "exact." . . . Japan won't invite

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"So! The prodigal son has turned off, tuned out and dropped in?"

Red China to the 1970 **world's fair** in Osaka, it declared last week. . . . An aftermath of recent Soviet-Red Chinese border fighting has been the addition of a 56th approved slogan for the huge Moscow **May Day** military parade: 'Glory to the valiant Soviet border guards bravely defending the sacred borders of our Motherland."

■ Names in the news, good and bad: *Daily World* very cross at **COPE** for putting money into the stop-**Barry Goldwater Jr.** campaign (he's running for Republican congressman in California): says he can't be stopped. . . . **Barry Sr.** resuming the newspaper column he suspended during last year's campaign. . . . **Bella Dodd** again sponsoring a memorial mass at St. Patrick's (May 3rd, 1 P.M.) for Senator **Joseph McCarthy**. . . . A movie about **Trotsky** in the works, with **Ronald Harwood** as scriptwriter. Harwood says of it: "One shouldn't identify with Trotsky too much, but you could have a lot of sympathy for the boy [Trotsky's assassin]; he was a victim of the whole oppressive totalitarian system. . . ." **Conor Cruise O'Brien**, last heard of as a professor at NYU (before that as chancellor of Nkrumah's Ghana U., and before that as UN gauleiter in the Congo) evidently thinking yearningly of the old sod: says he'll run for Irish parliament.

■ About New York City: a private Quayle poll indicates **Robert Wagner** has it 41 to 31 over former controller **Mario Proccacino** at this point in multi-entry Democratic race for mayor, and Proccacino is well ahead of the rest of the field. It was, they say, a Quayle poll that influenced Wagner to get out of the race in 1965. . . . One reason for Wagner's re-entry into NY politics: that the party leadership is up for grabs since **Robert Kennedy**'s death. If Wagner doesn't plow in it will go to Kennedy-ites **Stephen Smith** and **Ted Sorensen**, by default.

■ Black militant uproar at Cornell last week caused cancellation of speech by Cornell President **James Perkins**. It was entitled: "Stability in the University."

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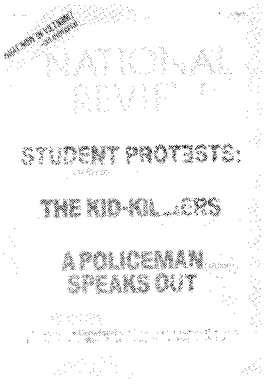
IN THIS ISSUE

■ A major statement by the editors of NATIONAL REVIEW begins in this issue on page 418. In it we draw up the balance sheet on Vietnam and take our stand. We believe it is a stand consistent with our past positions on Vietnam; indeed, we believe it is the only position that can be taken at this time by an Administration which yet wishes to preserve the substance of our original commitment to an area of the world where we have been at war for nearly a decade. We offer our views now at the urging of many readers, friends and interested persons whose rational faith in that commitment has survived both the pressure of left-wing opinion and the still undefined policy of the Nixon Administration. And, as always, we invite your comments. . . .



A reader, Mr. O. J. Magee of Aptos, Cal., writes to congratulate us for publishing the reports of his fellow Californian, **John R. Coyne Jr.**, on the student revolts at Berkeley and San Jose: "But, alas, you have taken Mr. Coyne from our midst, and now who is to cover the continuing story for *NR*?" Mr. Coyne, now an *NR* associate and resident of Connecticut, hasn't lost touch with the campus situation. In this issue he takes it from the (non-SDS-type) student's viewpoint, as a national problem reflecting a real crisis in higher education. . . . Meanwhile **Suzanne Labin** visited the drug scene in Los Angeles, where hordes of runaway teen-agers are in dazed motion between the Strip and the local precinct station. Mme. Labin, the noted French journalist, is the author of numerous anti-Communist books and pamphlets. . . . An anonymous correspondent from the New York police force pulls the alarm on a new danger—the untrained recruit. Police authority **Herbert Klein** comments. . . . **Constantine FitzGibbon**, historian and novelist, sees automation forcing a second Industrial Revolution on the U.S. Unlike the first, which was relatively beneficial to nineteenth-century America, the second one may bring disaster. . . . The Open Question this issue is, Does Israel have designs on Lebanon? Daniel daCruz (*NR*, April 8) says yes. **Max Geltman** (page 438) says baloney.

■ **James Burnham** takes up Hans Morgenthau's new book and finds it a nest of ambiguities on all but one subject—Vietnam, alas. . . . **John Braine** (*Room at the Top, The Crying Game*) pays tribute to fellow novelist Anthony Powell. . . . **Ross Mackenzie** is on the editorial board of the *Richmond News-Leader*. . . . **David Felix** published *Protest: Sacco-Vanzetti and the Intellectuals* in 1966. . . . **Peter P. Witonski**, now teaching at the University of Lisbon, renders his quarterly report on the little magazines. . . . **Priscilla Buckley** goes after big game.

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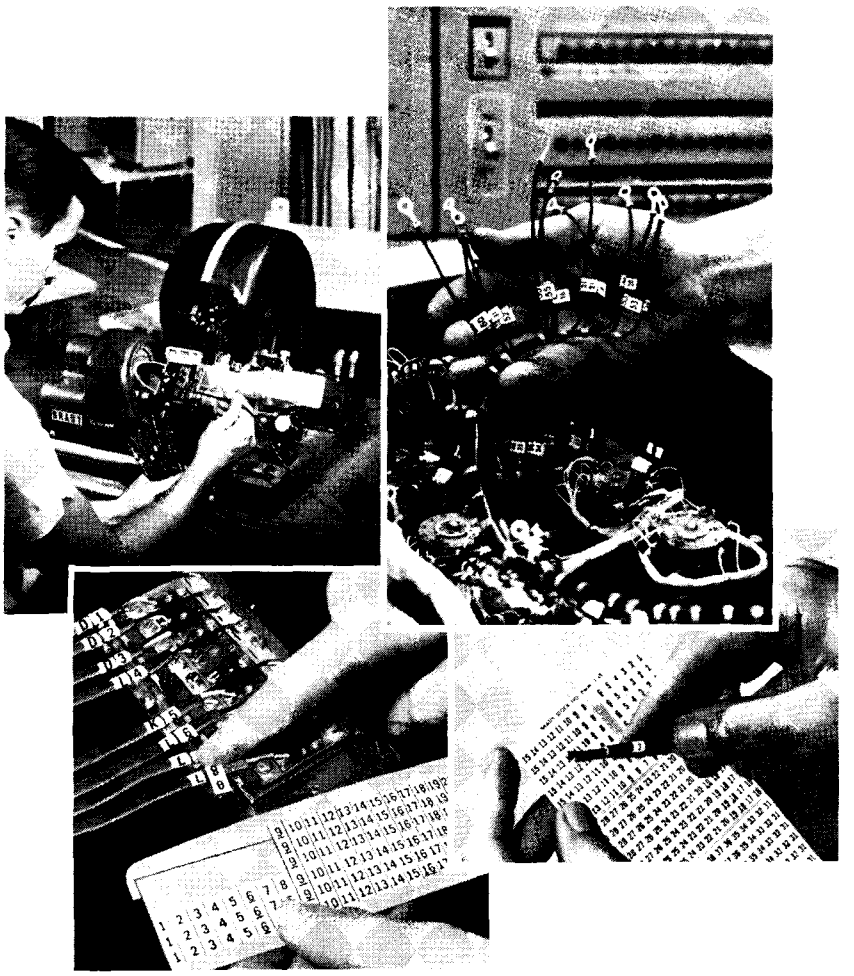

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LETTERS

Our People's People

Unfortunately, you list the Communist Anti-Christian Crusade as a member of the Council of 100 of OUR PEOPLE'S UNDERWORLD. This group, which consists solely of three spinster mechanics from Oneida Farm, N.Y. (confused admirers of Dr. Fred Schwarz), does not belong to OPU at all. The famous LOOPHOLE LOBBY, which does belong to the Council of 100, was somehow omitted.

And if you please, the correct name is The *Lessor* (not lesser) of Two Eagles Rent-a-Bird Franchises.

Thank you for bringing these matters to the attention of your readers.

Ραθοωφ Θανφομιαψτοθ

Chief Correspondent,
Citizens Coalition
of Anti-Anti-Anti-
Ballistic Missile Missile
Letter Writers Letter
Concord, Mass. Writers

NR *does not take responsibility for the accuracy, in all respects, of the report prepared on Our People's Underworld by the House Committee on Undemocratic Activities which we reproduced in our April 22 issue. However, we are glad to aid the Committee by correcting the record.* —ED.

I have just read all about the Our People's Underworld and think it is the funniest thing you have ever published. Whoever thought up all those organizations and artifacts is absolutely brilliant. Please, please more of the same.
Harrison, N.Y. GLADYS CLEVELAND

OPU, sí, HCUA (House Committee on Undemocratic Activities), no.
Santa Barbara, Cal. ROGER UPDIKE

The Vietnam Bookshelf

You exaggerate an admittedly bad situation when you say ["The Open Society," April 8] that "with the single possible exception of the late Marguerite Higgins' on-the-scene reports," books on Vietnam are opposed to U.S. participation in that country's defense. Other exceptions include Sibnarayan Ray (editor), *Vietnam Seen from East and West* (Praeger, 1966); Frank N. Trager, *Why Vietnam?* (Praeger 1966); Chester A. Bain, *Vietnam: The Roots of Conflict* (Prentice-Hall, 1967); John J. O'Connor, *A Chaplain Looks at*

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Vietnam (World, 1968); and Douglas Pike's detailed and scholarly *Vietcong* (MIT Press, 1966). In his preface to *Vietcong*, Pike contends that "if America betrays the Vietnamese people by abandoning them, she betrays her own heritage."

Another excellent book that could be added to the list is *Law and Vietnam* (Oceana, 1968), in which Roger Hull and John C. Novogrod reach conclusions that support the U.S. stand. "It would seem," the authors remark, "that critics of American policy fail to recognize either the political or legal realities. . . . The security of Southeast Asia is of vital importance to the security of the United States, thus giving it the right to engage in collective self-defense with any state in that area threatened by aggression."

Doesn't all this encourage you just a little?

KENNETH H. W. HILBORN
Department of History
University of Western Ontario
London, Ont.

Please allow me to refer you to *Vietnam Crisis*, by Stephen Pan, Ph.D. and Reverend Daniel Lyons, S.J. (East Asian Research Institute, 86 Riverside Drive, New York, N.Y.). This book may not be the best possible book on our Vietnam involvement, but it certainly will greatly discomfort any dove to read it.

Milwaukee, Wis. REV. JAMES R. WELTER

Triumph and Guilt

Your editorial on *Triumph* Magazine ["Is Conservatism Dead?" April 8] refers to the views of the editors of that magazine on the nature of the American Republic as "Manichean and boring."

I wish I could be as sure that your intemperate language were not caused by the fact that *Triumph* makes you feel rightly guilty. That magazine did not take the easy stand which you did on artificial life prevention. *Triumph* now calls on us to recognize a certain truth; that our constitutional heritage is flawed by the most serious of all possible flaws, the lack of a firm reference to the reality of God. It is both unpleasant and difficult for me to recognize this, as it should be for you and for any serious American conservative, but it must be recognized. I can remember a time when NATIONAL REVIEW also called on us to recognize unpleasant truths.

New York, N.Y. CHARLES G. MILLS IV

Curious Red

Re: Television ["Smothering Dissent: A Pungent Social Comment"], by C. H. Simonds, April 8:

Who the hell does this fascist C. H. Simonds think he is anyway? How dare he call the Kremlin's songbird, Pete Seeger, a Red? I, alone, wanted to be the

(Continues on page 450)

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THE WEEK

What Now in Vietnam?

1. NATIONAL REVIEW has consistently supported American intervention in Vietnam, although it has often been critical of the conduct and methods of the intervention.

1.1) American security and interest, understood in the given strategic and political context, required intervention. The advance of Communist power into Southeast Asia would inevitably mean a transformation, to the major detriment of American security and interest, of the strategic, political and economic equilibrium of the Southeast Asian peninsula, the larger western Pacific area and the Indian subcontinent. This would be the consequence no matter what the precise relation of the local Communism to the major centers of Communist power.

1.11) The Communist advance would mean the smashing of our forward strategic defense line, forcing a pullback to our own Pacific shore, with Hawaii become an exposed outpost.

1.12) It would put control of the Pacific and global sea routes and critical global airways into Communist hands.

1.13) It would, as in the case of the Communist conquest of Eastern Europe, prevent fruitful development of trade and economic relations with the region.

1.14) It would compel all the nations of the region—Japan, Indonesia, the Philippine Republic, Pakistan and India, as well as the Southeast Asian nations—either to submit to outright Communist rule or to adjust their regimes to the reality of Communist hegemony.

1.15) It would weaken the prestige, credibility and influence of the United States in all the rest of the world.

1.2) If the Communist advance was to be stopped, it had to be stopped somewhere.

1.21) Landlocked Laos is a disadvantageous theater for American military power. The Communist attack in Laos was therefore only parried temporarily by moderate support programs and an unfavorable, unworkable negotiated agreement.

1.22) The long seacoast of Vietnam running along the side of the peninsula opening toward America made Vietnam strategically more suitable. At the same time, the nature of the Communist aggression in Vietnam, initiated and commanded by Communist North Vietnam and supplied from other external Communist centers, made intervention politically compelling. Failure to intervene in South Vietnam would only have postponed the decision a few years until the identical issue would have been posed in relation to mounting attacks in Thailand, Malaysia or India, under conditions that would have become much worse from both military and political standpoints.

1.3) Intervention was also called for politically and morally, by a long line of American statements, declarations and assurances, and by the intrinsic nature of the Vietnam situation. There was and is no question of what Communist takeover would mean to the people of South Vietnam. When the Communists won in North Vietnam, several hundred thousand persons were executed and nearly two million fled south. By 1965 (when massive American intervention began) Communist terrorists had already executed tens of thousands of persons in the south, chiefly in the villages. Communist rule in South Vietnam, in the process of imposing totalitarian despotism, would carry through a mass slaughter on a larger scale than in the north, since so many in the south, starting with the two million refugees, the soldiers and the governmental service, are plainly marked as opposed to Communism. To have refused to give South Vietnam the support which it needed and asked would have been an abandonment of any claim to leadership in the free world. It would have been in paralyzing contrast with the powerful support furnished to North Vietnam by both China and the Soviet Union.

2. NATIONAL REVIEW's criticisms of the conduct of the Vietnam war have been concerned, for the most part, with the concept of "incremental escalation" and the restrictions, both military and political, imposed by the government. These restrictions have gravely handicapped military operations. Although *NR*'s staff does not pretend to rival the Joint Chiefs as military tacticians, we have also believed that, even within the framework of the restrictions, the American military performance has not been impressive.

3. NEVERTHELESS, the American military can record substantial accomplishments. In first and primary place, American military intervention in 1965 halted the Communist victory which, without the intervention, was only a few months off.

3.1) Whatever questions there may be about what

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exactly has happened since then in South Vietnam, there is no doubt that:

3.11) The Communists control considerably less of the area and population than in 1965.

3.12) The Communists have little influence in the cities.

3.13) The North Vietnamese-Vietcong forces have suffered grievous attrition.

3.14) The South Vietnamese army is stronger and more cohesive than it has ever been, and increasingly so.

3.15) The South Vietnamese government, on the foundation of the improved military situation, is increasingly representative, confident and responsible.

3.2) The inability of the Communists to "arouse the masses" in conjunction with last year's Tet offensive was a conclusive demonstration that in the active military theater—in South Vietnam itself—the Communists have failed to achieve or even approximate either their military or their political goals.

3.3) Numerous indirect consequences of the American military intervention have also been positive and important. It is certain—as Cyrus Sulzberger has recently re-emphasized in dispatches from Southeast Asia—that Indonesia would have succumbed to its Communists instead of smashing them if it had not been for the fact that the Americans were holding firm in Vietnam. American military firmness has been an essential condition, also, for the relatively favorable political climate throughout the region.

4. FROM THE STANDPOINT of traditional military doctrine, the objective of the American intervention would have been defined as the defeat of the North Vietnamese army, since North Vietnam was the initiator and essential sustainer of the aggression against South Vietnam. Out of global considerations, right or wrong, this objective was never in question. The minimum intelligible objective can be simply stated: *To guarantee South Vietnam against Communist takeover for the next period.* ("Next period" cannot be exactly delimited; let us say roughly, "at least eight or ten years." Beyond that length of time, futures become blurred.) This objective, but nothing less, meets the minimum requirements of the strategic, political and moral situation that led to the intervention in the first place.

4.1) It may be noted that an identical objective has guided several other significant American military actions since 1947—Iran, Greece, Turkey, the Philippine Republic, Korea, Guatemala, Dominican Republic; it is implicit in at least one very important British action (Malaysia), and was of course present but unfulfilled in the French Indochina action.

5. WHATEVER may be the merits of the original decision to intervene massively in Vietnam, the *fact* of the intervention, continued several years, creates an unavoidable commitment. This commitment is three-fold:

5.1) to the people of South Vietnam, who must face the consequences of the war against the Communists, whatever the Americans do in the future;

5.2) to the American people, who have had to furnish lives and money for the war, and to suffer its domestic consequences;

5.3) to other nations, and to world opinion—whatever their views on the war's justification—that will judge the credibility of the United States by its success or failure in achieving the minimum objective, and will draw the consequences of this judgment in practice.

6. AS HAS BECOME NORMAL in these wars involving Communist nations and movements, the negotiations in Paris and any secret talks that accompany them are not "diplomacy" in the traditional sense, but an integral part of the conflict.

7. NOTHING that has happened since limited support to South Vietnam was begun by Presidents Eisenhower and Kennedy, and nothing since President Johnson initiated massive support in 1965, affects the strategic, political and moral factors that justified and demanded the support, or the injurious consequences that would inevitably flow from a pullout short of achievement of the minimum objective.

7.1) On the contrary, the prolonged struggle has magnified the commitment as well as the damage to American security and interest that would be done by

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"It is arguable that the cost of victory, in terms of bloodshed, is proving to be too great; but the cost of betrayal could be even greater. In the last analysis it is for Mr. Nixon to decide; it may yet become Nixon's war. The Americans have made considerable headway in the military field, and a modest degree of headway with their pacification program. If they have the endurance, they can still win the war, in the sense of definitely preventing a Communist takeover. After backing so many rickety regimes through thick and thin it would be tragic if they were to ditch this much better government to let the Liberation Front in. It is an illusion to imagine that the United States can agree to a compromise peace that would amount to a sell-out and retain any credibility in Asia. Nor in Asia alone; for in this shrunken world credibility is indivisible."

—The Economist

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". . . the commitment of 500,000 Americans has settled the issue of the importance of Vietnam. For what is involved now is confidence in American promises. However fashionable it is to ridicule the terms 'credibility' or 'prestige,' they are not empty phrases; other nations can gear their actions to ours only if they can count on our steadiness. The collapse of the American effort in Vietnam would not mollify many critics; most of them would simply add the charge of unreliability to the accusation of bad judgment. Those whose safety or national goals depend on American commitments could only be dismayed. In many parts of the world —the Middle East, Europe, Latin America, even Japan—stability depends on confidence in American promises. Unilateral withdrawal, or a settlement which unintentionally amounts to the same thing, could therefore lead to the erosion of restraints and to an even more dangerous international situation." —*Henry M. Kissinger*

renouncing it. There is no avoiding the conclusion reached by the sober *Economist* (Feb. 22, 1969): "It is an illusion to imagine that the United States can agree to a compromise peace that would amount to a sellout and retain any credibility in Asia. Nor in Asia alone; for in this shrunken world credibility is indivisible."

7.2) A pullout short of achieving the minimum objective would be a major defeat for the United States, possibly a catastrophe.

8. EXCEPT FOR the state of domestic opinion and morale, the current prospect for achieving the minimum objective is more favorable in fact than in the media.

8.1) As the *Economist* summarizes in the leading article already cited, "the Americans have made considerable headway in the military field, and a modest degree of headway with their pacification program."

8.2) As has been noted above, the South Vietnamese government and Army have both been broadened and strengthened, and are both in much better shape than at any time since the 1954 Geneva conference.

8.3) There is good reason to believe that everyone concerned is tired of this war, and wants out—wants at least a postponement.

8.31) For the Soviet Union, the main supplier to North Vietnam, this war is a distraction from more crucial confrontations—in Eastern Europe, in the Mideast and in relation to China. It is besides, a heavy expense from which the Soviet Union cannot hope for much direct return; which might, in fact, benefit only China. Moreover, Moscow is anxious to sound out some possible deals with the United States and the West.

8.32) North Vietnam and the Vietcong have suffered badly. It is estimated that their battle deaths are by now more than half a million; heavy attrition continues. The North Vietnamese Communist Party (Lao Dong) is sharply divided between its pro-Moscow and pro-Peking factions. The internal disputes are more than usually troublesome because Ho Chi Minh, who will be 79 years old in May, is in bad health and largely inactive.

8.33) Almost all nations, Communist and non-Communist, are sick of this war and want to get it out of the way. This feeling pushes both sides toward settlement.

9. THE NORTH VIETNAMESE will not abandon their historic goal of "the revolution on the Mekong." But it seems possible that Hanoi, under the pressure of its own problems, the military situation and the Communist powers, might judge it expedient to take a step backward in accord with classic Communist strategy: to postpone the military phase of the struggle for eight or ten years, even though the Communist armed force has not been crushed in the field.

9.1) From the American standpoint this would be much short of an ideal solution of the South Asian problem. But, granted the existing realities, it would be a tolerable solution. It would be good enough for now, if its translation into practice were externalized and guaranteed by such actions as:

9.11) The withdrawal from South Vietnam of all North Vietnamese troops and irregulars;

9.12) the withdrawal of all North Vietnamese forces from Cambodia and Laos (at least from the parts of Laos bordering Vietnam) and shutting down of camps and depots in Cambodia and Laos;

9.13) cessation of North Vietnamese guidance and support of guerrilla and paramilitary actions in South Vietnam, as would be proved by the reduction of such actions to a minor and uncoordinated scale.

9.2) Presumptively such actions would be balanced by withdrawals of American forces, the gradual assumption of more and more of the security functions by South Vietnamese forces, and a political expansion of the South Vietnamese government.

9.3) An outright coalition between the Saigon government and the organized Communists (whether in the formal framework of the NLF or any other) would, however, be excluded.

9.31) A coalition would demonstrate that the revolution had not been suspended, that the minimum American objective had not been achieved, and that the agreement ending the fighting was a fraud.

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10. A TOLERABLE SOLUTION along these lines cannot be attained quickly. In this conflict as in so many others—between individuals as between groups and nations—endurance, resolution, will-power, stubbornness count in the final stages when both contestants are blooded and weary.

10.1) The Communists will not consent to such a curtailment of their intentions unless they become convinced that they can't get rid of the Americans on any lesser terms. As things have been going, this point may not be too far off, but it hasn't yet been reached. It will not be unless the American nation is prepared to carry through to that point: to carry through as long as necessary, even though, assuming that readiness, it may not have to be very long. It is shocking and shameful if the United States cannot outlast North Vietnam.

10.11) There is no objective reason why this final phase of the present struggle should be conceived as excluding re-escalations or novel forms of escalation from current combat level. Against the given background, such actions could only serve to impress Hanoi with the firmness of American intentions.

11. THE DOMESTIC FRONT, as everyone knows, and as Ho Chi Minh and all Communists most certainly know, is and has always been the critical theater in this war. The domestic front has never been firm, and is presently demoralized. The favorable possibilities in the military and political situation in Vietnam itself, and in the global equilibrium, are negated by the heavy drag from the domestic front. This is the key to the present situation, and to the outcome.

11.1) There are multiple causes, longer term and recent, of the domestic collapse.

11.11) History, tradition, character and temperament have not prepared Americans for this sort of amorphous, undefinable, dragging war.

11.12) Military history, strategy, global geography and geopolitics have little place in American education, so that most Americans have no frame of reference in terms of which to comprehend the necessity of a major national action in an unknown country on the other side of the globe.

11.13) Two generations of the ascendancy of liberal ideology, with its scorn of tradition and patriotism, its nihilistic permissiveness and its masochistic sense of social guilt, have corroded the nation's sense of community and its will.

11.14) The nation is gravely wounded by the spiritual secession of a large part of its intellectuals, and by the racial conflict.

11.15) Given these pre-conditions, the deliberate Communist psychological warfare campaign has had a ready potential to exploit.

11.16) Perhaps chief responsibility for the collapse on the home front, however, must be assigned to the failure of leadership. From the beginning of our involvement in Vietnam in the Eisenhower Administration, neither the incumbent President nor any other leader of national stature has made the necessity of our action in Southeast Asia intelligible and credible to the people, or has explained its relation to our own security, survival and goals, or has summoned the people to loyal, resolute, united action.

12. IT MAY BE that the minimum objective is under the circumstances unattainable. If it is possible, it depends essentially on whether the morale of the nation can be rallied, so that the nation will find the endurance and resolution necessary to convince the North Vietnamese-Vietcong. But without leadership that the President and only the President can supply, this endurance and resolution will not be forthcoming, and the present state of domestic demoralization will continue.

13. RICHARD NIXON doubtless and understandably would like to be known—as his predecessor vainly hoped to be known—as the architect of peace. If the nation fails to win the minimum objective, if the American forces withdraw from Vietnam as part of a pseudo-agreement that is only a cover for failure and sellout, then Richard Nixon will in due course be remembered, not for this false peace, but as the weakling who opened the gate to Communist engulfment of South Asia and the South Pacific, as the bringer of defeat and its cumulative train of disastrous consequences. And he may be sure that those who now call on him most loudly for unilateral withdrawal are the ones who would most fiercely damn him for the disastrous consequences that unilateral withdrawal would bring.

14. THE AMERICAN PEOPLE will not respond without the President's active leadership: this they have already demonstrated. The President will have to do what he has not done since taking office: patiently and clearly explain why our forces are in Vietnam, why the nation's interest required that they be sent, what the great problems have been, what must still be done, why we must hold out for a settlement that will block the Communist advance. And he will have to summon the people to finish the job to which the nation's words and acts have committed it.

14.1) There is a sector of the population that has become so widely alienated that no appeal or summons in the nation's interest will reach it. But this sector is still a minority. The majority of the nation is loyal, but has become puzzled and disoriented in relation to this strange and wearisome undertaking in Southeast Asia. The voice of their President is still a powerful and moving force in the minds and hearts of his countrymen. If the President speaks, they will listen. If he fails to win them to the task he knows to be essential to the nation's future security and interest, it will be a blameless and honorable failure.

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■ Police brutality entered a new phase in Charleston, S.C. last week, where Ralph Abernathy (Martin Luther King's successor) and his cohorts are helping some striking hospital workers. Rev. Abernathy announced there would be a parade, without permit. The police calmly issued a permit. Then he tried to get himself arrested, "to focus national attention" etc. etc. The police weren't biting. As one cohort muttered, "you couldn't get arrested here today if you kidnaped the mayor's wife." Obviously frustrated, Rev. Abernathy cried: "I personally am willing to die for this cause if need be." Nobody shot him.

■ Nowhere are the problems of the U.S. Post Office more evident than in the San Francisco area, where, residents believe, slowness of the mails may be the result of hippie postmen sniffing the glue on envelope flaps. And now the Bay area faces another problem. On April 17, postal administrator Stanley K. Day revealed that the San Francisco Post Office has thus far spent $16,000 to rehabilitate 34 drunken mailmen. "We are coming out of the dark age of treating alcoholism as a disciplinary matter," said Day, who will no doubt soon be pushing for fifteen-cent stamps to finance our moral renaissance.

■ A homemade bomb, origin unknown but ideologically guessable, exploded in the courtyard of the Faculty Club at the University of California at Santa Barbara last week, killing a maintenance man. The local chapter of Students for a Democratic Society denied any role in the murder and said that "while never having claimed a position of nonviolence, we absolutely condemn random terrorism." The Young Americans for Freedom on campus called the bombing "a natural offshoot from the rhetoric of violence preached in and out of the classroom by those who applaud the use of violence as a means to an end."

■ George Orwell, call your office! "FINNISH COMMUNISTS ASSUME INDEPENDENT LINE," cries the headline in the *Times*. The Finnish CP "appears to have fought itself free of Soviet domination," jubilates the lead paragraph. "Young liberal Communists," the story goes on, "won a resounding victory over a powerful faction of Stalinists" in the latest Party Congress. Another crack in the Communist monolith, we are clearly meant to conclude; winds of change are blowing, freshets of spring are flowing over which bridges must be built. But, reading on, we discover that the Soviet Communist Party backed, yes, the "young liberals" against the old Stalinists. Test: ☐ 1. The Russian Communists live in a cracked monolith. ☐ 2. The "young liberals" really aren't. ☐ 3. The "young liberals" are being used. ☐ 4. More than one of the above.

■ "Date: March 11, 1969
"To: Dept. Chairmen of the College of Letters and Science
"From: W. D. Knight, Dean
"Subject: On learning and teaching
"It has come to my attention that some teaching assistants and instructors allegedly intend to withhold grade reports until the strike is over, or to move the place and/or time of final examinations for some reason related to the strike. This is completely beyond the normal limits of responsible academic behavior and unwarranted on the grounds of 'academic freedom.' This is to request that you remind each of your faculty members and teaching assistants of his responsibilities in these matters."
In case you've got it wrong, Dean Knight's exhortation was directed at faculty members who were intending to penalize students who were *going* to classes during one of those interminable SDS-black power strikes at Berkeley last winter.

■ The stunt would be 1) educational and 2) a hell of a lot of fun. With the help of their science teacher, three Long Island schoolboys built a wooden replica of an Apollo spacecraft, and climbed in to spend five days on a simulated space mission. They planned to eat C-rations, solve navigation problems, the whole bit. Everything was A-OK, until the crank calls started coming in—to their teacher, school officials, and even to the unlisted telephone in the spacecraft ("We'll get you after," somebody hissed at the kids). Then came the crankiest call of all, from a Dr. Howard Gruber, professor of psychiatry at Rutgers, who called the project "irresponsible" and warned that confining the boys in a small place (their craft was ten feet wide and twenty feet high, much roomier than the real thing) could result in "temporary psychological damage." Out of those stuffy little tents, all you Boy Scouts; come down from the tree-house, Penrod; get off that cramped raft, Huck. You're supposed to grow up to be like Dr. Gruber.

■ Mr. William F. Rickenbacker has once again strapped on his armor, picked up his lance, and ridden off to

Thoughts on Watching a Harvard Dean Being Expelled From His Quarters

It's difficult, while being shoved downstairs,
To manage the appearance of Who Cares?
While, rearward, wildly hairy and uncouth,
Forever yammering about their youth,
Behold, The Kids—*impossible* to placate.
There was no choice: the fellow had to vacate.
And so, his mien suggesting how they bore him,
The Dean's expelled, like lesser deans before him.
Appalling! Still, I'd be the rowdy messenger
If they'd let me foreclose on Arthur Schlesinger.

W. H. VON DREELE

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Washington to tilt at the federal bureaucracy. His cause, as in 1960, is the right of the individual American to privacy, his enemy still the census snoopers who mean to insert their feet in our bathroom doors. Mr. Rickenbacker does not ride alone this time, however, and his statement to the Senate Subcommittee on Constitutional Rights will be delivered on behalf of the National Right to Privacy Committee, a rapidly growing organization that we hope will win at least as attentive a hearing in Washington as have flag burners and pornographers in recent months.

■ Voices of Moderation: Sen. Stephen Young (D., Ohio) is "naive" about Communism and shouldn't oppose the ABM, wrote constituent L. A. Bankieris to the *Sandusky Register*. To which the Senator replied, twice. First, a postcard: "I denounce you as an evil American. Also, you are the east end of a jackass going west or a liar. Which? You are a despicable character, also a self-appointed vigilante. . . ." Then, a whole letter: "If you were to make such lying allegations concerning me to my face, I would knock your false teeth down your gullet. I denounce you as an un-American stupid jerk. . . . I wonder just where you were, buster, when I was serving for 37 months in World War II. . . . I denounce you as being lower than a snake's tail in a wagon rut and in addition, of course, you are the east end of a jackass going west." Around the time Sen. Young was doing his 37 months (as a mule-skinner?), it develops, Mr. Bankieris (then sixteen years old) was busy escaping from his native Latvia which, after having been forcibly annexed by the Russian Communists, was occupied by the German Nazis.

Toronto Telegram, Canada — Ben Roth Agency

"Play ball!"

■ Marc Sapir and Carol Iverson, two of the sit-inners who have been occupying the Applied Electronics Laboratory at Stanford, were married outside the building on April 15 as three hundred of their fellow protestors waved candles. "We are planting seeds that are beginning to grow," said the groom. "We're leaving the old ways behind," cooed the bride, who wore black Vietcong pajamas with the initials NLF printed on the seat.

Who Shall Be Master in the House?

The pictures of the Harvard students lugging the deans from their own offices like sacks of onions and of the armed black Cornell students marching triumphantly out of the seized administration building from which they had dictated the capitulation of President Perkins, signify that a revolutionary situation now exists on the nation's campuses. The question of power is posed, and the question of power is the revolutionary question. The local matters seemingly at issue—ROTC, black studies, military recruiting, grade systems etc.—become secondary, as the SDS has all along recognized. The revolutionary question takes precedence over all other questions. Nothing can be settled until it becomes once again clear who is master in the house.

Fortunately the revolutionary situation is still confined to the campuses themselves, and by no means all the campuses. We are not at the stage of the Russian October or the French May Days of 1968. It is indeed rather surprising that the repercussion of the campus turmoil has been so muted. The working class couldn't care less; the managerial and professional strata are for the most part disturbed only indirectly, when their own children are among the guerrillas. The central cities are quieter than several years ago. Only among the young draftees—who can be thought of as a wing of the college student population—has there been a sizable echo so far. But within the campus limit, the revolutionary situation has advanced to a point where it will have to be resolved. It is really going to be Student Power that runs our universities? or Faculty Power? or a Student-Faculty coalition? That is to say, is the campus revolution going to be victorious? One or the other of these solutions is the goal, implicit in nearly every episode and explicit in many, of the campus NLFs.

Most universities and colleges in this country, both private and public, have been run by the top administrative officers, sometimes associated in certain duties with committees of the faculty. Up until a few years ago this governmental system, taken for granted without critical reflection, was working well enough at least in maintaining the campus as a reasonably ordered and peaceful community. There were pranks and hoodlumism now and then, but no serious outbreaks of violence,

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arson or mayhem. This system is no longer functioning. It is unequal to the challenge of the kind of violence it now confronts. This is now manifest.

Analogous situations are frequent enough in the history of nations, cities and businesses. So it was in Republican Rome, beginning with the civil struggles of the Gracchi: the old constitution and institutions—there had not even been a regular city police force—could not deal with the new forms of violence instigated by the aspiring "new men" aiming for power. The resulting conflict led ultimately into civil war and the revolution of Augustus, which re-established order on new foundations. Often there are contingency devices for dealing with this sort of breakdown: martial law supplants the normal civil power; a trustee takes over the affairs of a bankrupt corporation.

On April 18, the Regents of the University of California voted 13 to 10 to reassume responsibility for giving tenure to faculty members—a power long ago delegated to the administrations of the separate campuses within the system. "A vote of confidence has been withdrawn," said University of California President Charles Hatch, truthfully enough.

In that news report from California may lie the guide to the move that could both bring back reasonable order to the campuses—without which they cannot function as educational institutions—and permit serious and effective determination of the restructuring which the university communities obviously require. Though the administrators have been running the universities, the legal sovereigns of the private universities are the boards of trustees, overseers or however called; and in the case of the state universities, the boards of regents (or similar boards) subject to the legislatures. In practice the boards have helped raise money, pushed expansion and served as rubber stamps for the administrators. But in principle the boards are there to represent the ultimately controlling public interest and to mediate between the campus and the wider society. With the administrative system broken down, the boards are in a legal and institutional position to take over as receivers in bankruptcy, as what the Romans might have called "dictator." If necessary and expedient in a board's judgment, it could simply shut down a campus for an interim period, in order to resume on a new basis, according to a revised set of rules. The board could deal summarily with intransigent troublemakers in the faculty and student body, and with incompetents in the administration. And a board could sort out from the proposals and demands—including the demands of the revolutionaries—the legitimate and promising ideas for changing the university's form and structure.

How about it, gentlemen overseers of Harvard, members of the Yale corporation, trustees of Princeton? Once you thought your institutions were models for the country. Prove it.

Thumbing Home

The historical record will probably prove that in the first hundred days President Nixon made the critical decision to end the Vietnam war, one way or another, and face the political and historical consequences.

—James Reston

If your thumb is in the dike,
What would pulling out be like?
If de-thumbing should begin,
Would the sea come rushing in?
How about just halfway out?
Would the water start to spout?
(Mrs. Gandhi has a thumb,
But salt water makes her numb.)
As for simply sitting there,
Dikes give Fulbright *mal de mer.*
Watch for oceans white with foam:
Mr. Nixon's thumbing home.

W. H. von Dreele

Remember the EC-121

The President's response to the downing of a Navy EC-121 reconnaissance plane by North Korean MiGs has satisfied many but left some others deeply disturbed or confused.

Mr. Nixon, by ordering 24 warships to the Sea of Japan, took a position that seemed more hawkish than Lyndon Johnson's response to the capture of the *Pueblo*, but if the President's action is read as a precedent it is highly inimical to the interests of American defense. What Mr. Nixon has done, in effect, has been to say that the North Korean attack on an American aircraft in international air space was not an attack on the United States but just an attack on that aircraft; that we somehow share the blame for its loss by having failed to defend it. In other words, he has implicitly agreed to limit the range of military action to whatever field the enemy may choose. The North Koreans won this round. Obviously the President cannot send whole fleets to protect every vulnerable American outpost. And if an enemy knows in advance that any aggression will risk retaliation only from American forces at the scene of the crime, then he need not worry much at all.

It is possible, however, that Mr. Nixon feels, and feels correctly, that North Korea is the only nation disposed to such illegal and vicious acts as the seizure of American property and the murder of American servicemen. Or perhaps he feels that other countries which might be similarly inclined—Peru comes to mind—will quickly recognize their error. Such a reading of national psyches would explain the report, leaked from the Pentagon, that as a further precaution against the loss of more planes near North Korea, the slow, propeller-driven EC-121s will be replaced by EC-135 jets, not as fast as Communist MiGs but sufficiently quick to beat a successful retreat. And the EC-121s? According to the same Pentagon source, they will be doing their reconnaissance work near the Soviet Union and China,

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IL Y AVAIT UNE FOIS, about a dozen years ago, we had what we thought was a very good idea, which was: Why not ask our own readers to help us find *new* readers. Heavens no! said wiser heads than ours (we were very new at this kind of thing), that's just plain asking too much of *anybody*. Oho, we answered, but our readers *aren't* just anybody, and we can't broadcast invitations like mass-circulation magazines and take on anyone who answers. No, the people we must look for are people very much like the readers we already have—people with similar ideas and outlook, tastes and values—the very ones, it seems logical to assume, who are much better known to *you* than to us, because they are your friends and relations and business associates, etc. And Lo these many years we have asked our readers to do us this favor: to rrriiippp out a postcard (just like the one facing this page) and use it to introduce some worthy friend to NR—give it to him with your recommendation, or use it to send an introductory gift subscription. And you have: thousands of you have done this simple but invaluable favor for us (some of you many, many times!). Without that kind of help from you, NR could never have become what indeed it has become—one of America's most influential publications. Influence someone *you* know today. As we so often say, just use the card facing this page today!

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which countries, it is assumed, are not governed by maniacs.

However unique the North Korean mentality, to tie up 24 warships, many of them rushed from critical missions in Vietnamese waters, seems an overly expensive way to protect a few reconnaissance flights. Something here is not being told. Perhaps the EC-121s have learned that North Korea is planning something more serious than another round of pot-shots at American eavesdroppers. Perhaps, as the President hinted in his news conference, there is a real possibility of another invasion of South Korea, in which case both the reconnaisance planes and the 24 ships *should* be cruising nearby. Or perhaps, though this is less likely, the President expects another isolated attack on American forces and wants sufficient power on hand for massive and swift retaliation. The speed of reprisal is all-important these days, since diplomatically potent words of caution to the aggrieved issue forth from the United Nations within hours after all acts of leftist or Communist international aggression.

It is also possible that Mr. Nixon moved only for domestic political reasons. Perhaps he hoped to disguise the real shallowness of his response to this attack, which would have demanded a declaration of war in any other age, by the quantity of hardware he dispatched to the scene. And he may plan quietly to remove those 24 ships, returning them to more pressing duties, when American anger dies down. The President deeply regrets the deaths of 31 servicemen, but he also, no doubt, is quietly relieved that the North Koreans took no prisoners. That they did not means no propaganda telecasts, no continual inflaming of the sore or taunting of our weakness. And it may also be a source of relief to the President that an old Constellation, revamped with antennae, is such an anonymous thing. Remember the *Maine*. Remember the *Pueblo*. But remember the EC-121?

Dubcek's Exit, Timestyle

On August 21, 1968, the armies of the Soviet Union and five of her Eastern European puppets moved into Czechoslovakia. On April 17, 1969, eight months and 27 days later, Alexander Dubcek was ousted as First Secretary and Gustav Husak put in his place. And the arrests started.

That's what happened.

But here's how it is being explained to the American people. We'll take the *Time* Magazine account as an example, *Time* not being all that ideological. One reason the Russians were able to get away with it, says *Time*, was because:

"Dubcek no longer commanded the fierce loyalty that had united and inspired the Czechoslovak people six or eight months ago. Unnerved and physically exhausted, Dubcek in recent weeks has withdrawn [or had he been withdrawn?] almost entirely from public life. Though sympathizing with his plight, many Czechoslovaks felt that his emotional make-up was poorly suited to the daily strain of coping with Soviet demands; they believed that toward the end he had allowed the country to lapse into a dangerous period of drift and indecision. A tough Husak, they hoped, might be able to bargain more skillfully with the Russians and more effectively protect Czechoslovakia's interest [which was why, of course, the Russians handpicked Husak, or does *Time* really believe that the Czech Presidium picked him?]."

And a little later in the same article: "If the Soviets think they have found in Husak a pliable Janos Kadar, their Hungarian puppet, they are probably mistaken [want to bet?]. Determined and unbending, Husak is likely to be as tough with the Soviets as he is with his own people. [If he is, which he won't be, it will be kaput Husak.]"

Why is it that when the Soviet Union marches into a country, deposes its leader, places garrisons in its cities, suppresses its press and starts filling its prisons, the American press refuses to see it like it is? Why are the Husaks and Kadars never called quislings?

Load Your Missiles, Men

What makes one particular issue rather than the many others get chosen as the subject for a major public debate is always somewhat mysterious. It seems clear by now that that first issue so destined in the Nixon Administration is ABM. Neither the intrinsic complexity of the ABM problem—well beyond the possibility of comprehension by the average citizen—nor the relative modesty of the President's initial proposals for the Safeguard system quieted the ABM opponents. They have already begun to heat up a massive campaign that they plan to pursue throughout the country.

Many existing organizations and new ad hoc committees will be joining up in the anti-ABM war. Many are currently combining in what is to be called a "Coalition on National Priorities and Military Policy." Some have already started publishing ads and appeals. But a newly launched group, "Americans United to Stop the ABM," aims to take national leadership. Its letterhead is filling up with prominent names, among them the bipartisan Senate quartet that has been working together for some weeks—Democrats Edward M. Kennedy and Philip A. Hart, Republicans John Sherman Cooper and Charles A. Percy. Organization is presently in the hands of former Kennedy aides Richard N. Goodwin and William van den Heuvel. It is assumed that Teddy Kennedy will emerge as the leader. A book against the ABM, now in preparation, will go out under his name in a few weeks.

The target is the Senate, where the lineup on ABM is known to be exceedingly close. (In the House, ABM will win overwhelmingly.) The strategy is to try to bring enough public pressure to bear on the senators to swing the three or four votes that can mean a majority.

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There is more than a little irresponsibility, even recklessness, in the way these senators and their close associates are proceeding. By an inevitable centripetal force this anti-ABM campaign is already drawing into its orbit the whole galaxy of anti-Vietnam, disarmament, pacifist, Vietnik and generally leftist groups down to the bitter anti-American dregs. Senator Kennedy and his colleagues are going to find themselves before long leading a motley and rather ugly army—and maybe not so much leading as being dragged along. Is this to be the basic constituency with which Teddy is to seek the Presidency? And what, pray, are Senators Cooper and Percy going to be doing in that mob?

The polls shows that a two-to-one majority of those voters who think they have any idea what ABM is all about are in favor of ABM. But this majority is largely passive so far. (Letters to senators, inspired by the organized opponents, are said to be running as high as fifteen to one against.) The pro-ABM citizens are being given little active lead from the public figures who favor ABM. The White House, the Pentagon and the congressional supporters have been surprisingly inarticulate so far, although the President stated his position forthrightly at his April 18 news conference. It would be unfortunate if ABM should lose by default. The ABM opponents, as they shape up, are a crowd with which one may be happy to contend, and to defeat.

The Court Again

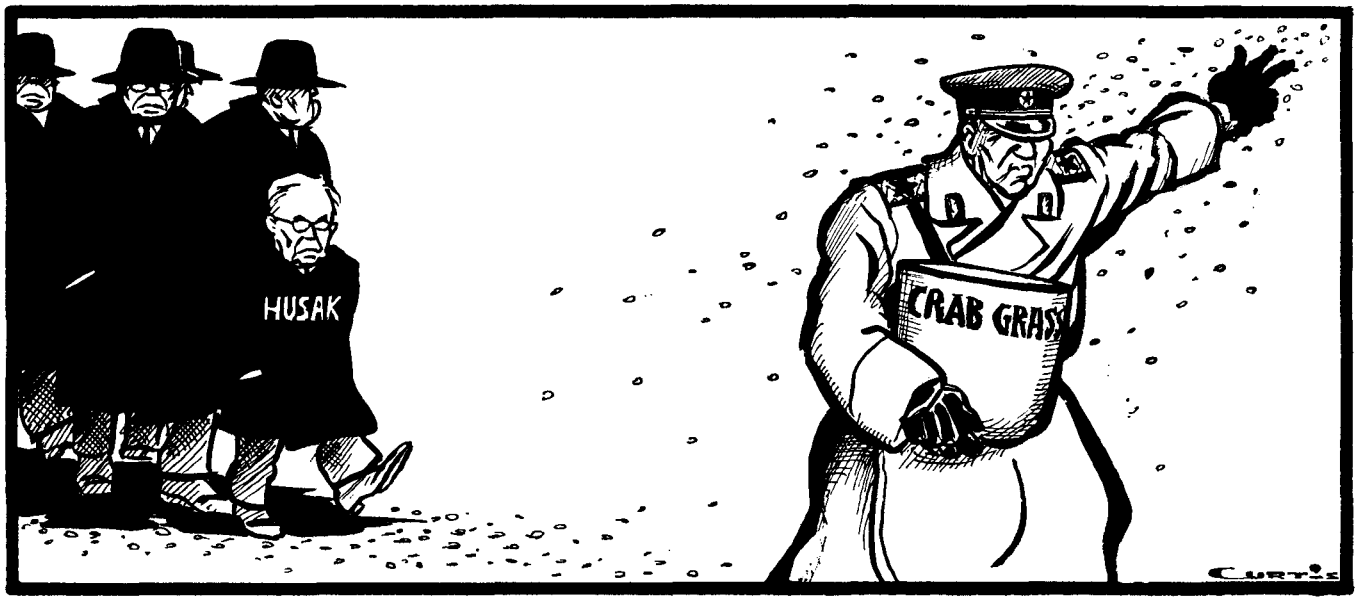
The Supreme Court has gone and done it again. Ruling (6-3) that individual states may not set up residency requirements, the Court has, even as Secretary Finch put it, made "inevitable" one more transfer of responsibility from the states to the Federal Government The Court's reasoning—that the right to travel is a fundamental freedom, and that to decline to give welfare funds to those who have not fulfilled a specified term of residence in a particular state is to impair that fundamental freedom—was most effectively penetrated, believe it or not, by the dissenting opinion of Earl Warren, who said that by the same token, states could be deprived of their right to set the voting age, to regulate admission to state universities, and to regulate the professions. Hugo Black (again improbably) joined in the dissent, as did Justice Harlan. But here we are.

Probably it was inevitable anyway. And certainly there are many who will rejoice in the development, most particularly Nelson Rockefeller, who has stood up against residency requirement laws, at considerable cost to his state. As it stood before the decision, the Federal Government was paying about 55 per cent of the welfare costs. That percentage is bound to go up. The trend is clearly towards the universalization of all benefits, along the lines of social security. We will have lost one of those variables which do a great deal to keep a society robust: such variables, for instance, as were responsible for the great industrialization of the South during the postwar years. When everything is exactly the same everywhere, the impulse to move around will be gone: and thus the impulse to improve one's lot, and the country's.

Psychiatry On Trial

Sirhan Sirhan's death sentence doesn't very much matter. What was on trial in Los Angeles was not the defendant but the testimony of psychiatrists and psychologists, who would have us believe that every criminal is so sick as to deserve society's pity and succor rather than its punishment. For them, the trial was over two weeks ago.

One hopes that their conviction will have wide repercussions. For although some of them were unusually



Springtime in Prague

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inept at their trade—one of them plagiarized his testimony, another spun a fantastic yarn about mirrors and hypnotic trances—even their ablest colleagues should have gotten the same verdict in the courts. Even so strong an advocate of headshrinking as Max Lerner concedes that psychiatrists and psychologists are out of their element in criminal trials. In civilized societies, the courts do not determine a defendant's innocence or guilt on the basis of past suffering or future prospects. There was a deed done. Did the man do it? Did he intend to do it?

Defense attorneys marshal psychiatrists and psychologists to make the excuses a fond parent might make because they hope the scientific claims of their witnesses will intimidate lay jurors, cloud their distinctions of right and wrong. The great good sense of the jurors in the Sirhan trial is a victory for justice—so resounding, one hopes, as to discourage the alienists from purveying their dogmas outside their clinics.

Notes & Asides

■ Let me see now, first things first.

■ Noel Parmentel. His name has appeared in every newspaper in America as the man who persuaded Norman Mailer to run for mayor of New York City. Goodness knows there is a record of eccentrics running for mayor of New York. But this particular caper is not home-made, the gentlemen of the press to the contrary notwithstanding. The AP story referred to Mr. Parmentel as "NATIONAL REVIEW writer Noel Parmentel." The most recent contribution of Mr. Parmentel to NATIONAL REVIEW was a short book review (and an excellent one it was) in March 1962. He has never been a member of the staff, nor a fixture on *NR*'s masthead. He is greatly talented and utterly unorthodox. And if there is anything we are, baby, it's orthodox. So don't blame Mailer's candidacy on us, please.

■ Our wholly-owned subsidiary, the Cause-of-the-Month Club, reports brisk sales of its "HANDS OFF ANGUILLA" button. Only a few are left, at the bargain basement price of three for a dollar or ten for two dollars. CMC is surveying the market potential of other buttons, among them "Keep Sex Education in the Gutter," "Fair Play for Gnostics," and "Amnesty The Police."

■ Erratum. Several weeks ago we received a flyer distributed by the SDS in California. We made the mistake of running the following item: "Down at Santa Barbara a new course 'On the Tactics and Practices of Guerrilla Warfare at UCSB and in the Santa Barbara Community' is being proposed. On campus, for credit. Students will learn among other things how to get the community involved through terrorism." We have it from University officials. . . . "The facts are these: The 'course' on Guerrilla Warfare met only once, on March 7, at 4 P.M. It was attended by about sixty people, most of whom turned out to be individuals there in an official or semi-official capacity, or those who came out of curiosity mixed with some indignation. The administration of UCSB was well represented, as were law enforcement agencies. The whole meeting lasted about ten minutes and was really a farce. In fact, the so-called instructor of the 'course' indicated to UCSB administrators that the project was designed to gain publicity and to send a 'shock wave' through the communities. Since that time every scheduled class was cancelled without explanation. There has been no attempt to hold a 'class.' At this point it has been indicated that there will be no effort to re-establish a schedule for the spring quarter."

One supposes that the guerrilla teachers moved their operation to Cornell.

■ The Young Americans for Freedom at Berkeley, acting through the Right World Liberation Front, have issued their demands—in their own flyer, generally distributed on campus. Among said demands:

—That a college of Conservative Studies be implemented immediately to meet the needs of the intellectually disadvantaged liberal and radical community.

—That Right World students be immediately seated on Academic Senate Committees dealing with student affairs and receive voting rights, veto rights and Thursdays off.

—That all Right World students get a full-day scholastic recess for the birthdays of William F. Buckley Jr., Barry Goldwater, and a half-day for Richard Nixon.

—That all new hiring cease until there is provision made for inclusion of at least one conservative professor in every academic department.

—That funds be immediately funneled into a Right World student-controlled Left World Emergency Counseling Service and Suicide Prevention Center for dealing with those Berkeley unfortunates who soon must graduate and face the world.

—That amnesty be granted to all participants. All apologies from the staff and administrators regarding the inconveniences that were caused us must be signed and notarized.

—That the *Daily Californian* characterize all eleven demands as "just and eminently desirable."

■ After many weeks of review and consultation, the editors of *NR* have completed a statement and analysis of what we believe to be the correct and necessary American policy on the Vietnam war. Under the heading, "What Now in Vietnam?" this constitutes the first four pages of *The Week* section in this issue. We hope our readers will want others to read it, and we will therefore make reprints of "What Next in Vietnam?" available at *cost* to all who want them. Write to Dept. VN, NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35 St., New York City 10016. Please enclose 15¢ per copy, 100 copies for $10. Bulk prices on request.

—WFB

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We're well into the Second Industrial Revolution, says Mr. FitzGibbon, and it's time to take stock. Let's not repeat the same, soul-deadening mistakes of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries

The Joys of Industrialization

CONSTANTINE FITZGIBBON

"EXPORT OR DIE!" It is a semantically, not to mention theologically, odd variant on the results of the wages of sin. *"Communism is Soviet power plus electrification."* Marx would have had some shrewd comments to make on Lenin's famous apothegm. *"What's good for General Motors is good for the United States."* So would the Founding Fathers on "Engine Charlie" Wilson's view of their mutual society's purpose. Gross National Product: a growth rate of x per cent (never enough): the technological brain-drain (always too large); the need for ever more schools and training colleges, often misnamed universities, producing ever more technologists, salesmen, admen, industrial wizards of every sort with brains that may or may not be washed before they vanish down the drain: the managerial revolution: and, most hallowed received idea of all, the absolute desirability of a HIGHER STANDARD OF LIVING. It is inescapable, all over the world now, and in the Western or pink-skinned part of it for several generations past.

There is a counterpoint. Blake long ago contrasted the "dark Satanic mills" with "England's green and pleasant land," and by the time Engels came to Manchester there was little left of Lancashire or indeed of the North Country or the Midlands that was either green or pleasant. England was the first, and is now perhaps the worst. In America even vaster armies of landless, economically or politically transported peasants or proletarians, had little choice but to build those disgusting slum-cities of the middle and late nineteenth century which gave such vast wealth, first, to a few American entrepreneurs and financial and industrial geniuses, then to the American nation, now to a large—but certainly not large enough—section of the American people. England had been the most powerful country: America succeeded to that position, while first Germany, then Russia moved into second place. Power has always been almost irresistibly attractive to any governing class. As Kipling wrote about Great Britain: "God, who made thee mighty, make thee mightier yet!" God did not respond, perhaps because that sort of power, that might, was based on the denial of man's dignity in the Liverpool slums of the 1840s, in the Chicago stockyards of the 1890s, in the smoke-filled Ruhr ten years later, in the Ukraine of the 1930s, in China today.

Power is attractive to the powerful—"the more you eat, the more you want"—and it seemed and still seems to the power-boys that industrialization is the key, and the more industrialization, the more power. After the Franco-Prussian War it became apparent that military power was more dependent on industrial- than on man-power, while horsepower was soon to have no connection whatever with horses. After 1918 the conclusion was inescapable, and seemed permanent. The events of 1939-1945 appeared to confirm this. The cold war has, to some extent, undermined the concept's validity, but throughout most of the world, and particularly among the leaders of those nations with potential enemies (and few nations have none) the idea persists: strength is based on industrialization. It may be true, but perhaps not everywhere and perhaps not forever, and probably no longer for purposes of conquest.

There is another, far more respectable side to industrialization. The condition of the mass of the people in pre-industrial Europe was, by our standards though not necessarily by theirs, deplorable: the condition of many of Europe's people and of the vast majority of the world's population is equally deplorable today, both by our standards and by theirs—since they now know how most Europeans and Americans live. They, too, want running water, and light and heat, and a sewage system they can neither see nor smell, some leisure from work, and a longer life expectancy, and a lower infant mortality rate and, above all, wholesome, adequate food. All these, *grosso modo*, were eventually provided for most of the people in the so-called developed countries as a more or less direct result of the First Industrial Revolution. But most of the world still does not enjoy these—to us essential—conveniences, while we in the West are already well into the Second Industrial Revolution.

The cost of the First Industrial Revo-

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lution which produced these gains was physically enormous, in Britain, America, Germany, Russia, now China and in many of the other developing countries of Asia, Africa and elsewhere. This physical cost was met and, just, tolerated. The psychological cost is of course much harder to evaluate. There would seem to be an almost direct correlation between the industrialization of the last and of this century and the aggressive impulses let loose not only by each newly industrialized country's leaders, armed with the newest equipment from the newest factories, but also by its people, rootless, atomized in the new cities, deprived of leaders and spokesmen known to themselves, and therefore dependent on "voices," the voices of distant politicians, distant bosses, later distant trade unionists and distant demagogues of every stripe. The proletariat of the nineteenth century had moved, more or less voluntarily, from rural misery to urban squalor, from starvation in County Clare or in Calabria to disgusting living conditions and a rat-like fight for survival in Boston or Pittsburgh, from a tumbledown croft in the Highlands to a tumbledown tenement in Glasgow. But they had moved: this proved at least their strength and their purpose. They had perhaps left behind them cruel, grasping and often incompetent landlords, and acquaintances both liked and disliked, and a country and a way of life they knew, and frequently a condition close to serfdom. If they often, perhaps usually, hated their old way of life, they yet made pathetic attempts to preserve many aspects of it, perhaps because it was the only one that they knew. In the jerry-built cities they became "individuals," economic units, atoms, objects. Karl Marx, who studied these people so thoroughly through Engels' reports, wrote with venom of *die Verdinglichung der Menschheit*, the reduction of humanity to mere things. But what were not reduced were the things' aggressive impulses. These were easily and rapidly canalized into violence, the personal violence of city life so well known to us from the Victorian writers, then the organized violence of revolutionary and counterrevolutionary fury, and the violence of extreme nationalism and external war. There had been and is violence in the villages, but it is usually directed against a person or against another village. It is hard to vent your frustration on your neighbor or your landlord when your job makes you live among strangers; while instead of a landlord you have a boss whom you may well never see at all. Thus hatred became generalized, and here the ideologies filled a need. It was good to hate Niggers and cheer when their little African societies were likewise atomized: to hate Jews, not the old-clothes man who was a constant enemy-friend in need, but international Jewry: to hate foreigners one had never seen: to hate capitalists or Communists: to hate, and when the fatherland or motherland (pathetic substitute words) was at war, to conquer the hated enemy or at least to cheer on one's own people, and likewise to fight for one's own class, or the class to which one aspired or from which one hoped for benefits.

The Revolutions

What happened to John Bull between 1720 and 1850? To Uncle Sam between 1850 and 1900? To the meerschaum-pipe-smoking, beer-and-music-loving German citizen between Sadowa and Auschwitz? To the amorous, intelligent Frenchman who lacked the industrial *nous* to win in 1870 and the unamiable, less intelligent Frenchman who tooted *Al-gér-ie Franç-aise* on his car horn in 1959?

And yet. . . . History, alas, cannot be reversed. The British have got to export or die. (But die of what? Surely not of starvation? Of a shortage of color TV sets? Of fewer cars stuck in jams on summer Sunday evenings? Of less teen-age fashions and juvenile delinquency? Of less domestic frustration due to overtime working? Of fewer strikes fomented by just such frustration?) The Irish, having won their independence from the British with the avowed purpose of creating a higher and less materialistic society, have had to industrialize in order to provide jobs for their young people; they have reduced the flow of young people leaving Ireland from 75 per cent to 30 per cent in less than ten years. Had this not been done, the society itself would soon have ceased to exist, and partial industrialization was the quickest, perhaps the best answer. (Yet should and need this have been done by simply imitating the type of industrialization and urban sprawl of the larger and even more distressful society across the Irish Sea? Naturally the Irish, in town and country, need all the amenities such as water, light and drains, and presumably also TV sets on which to watch the daily bulletin about His Holiness and the hurley results. But do they need a huge oil depot in lovely Bantry Bay to put Ireland on the map, as I was told? Ireland, almost the last of Europe's great historic nations to industrialize, has been on the map for longer than most.)

The Russians must continue their frantic and agonizing industrialization, no longer simply to prove that Communists can be as efficient or inefficient as capitalists, but now to show that they too are as good at, if not better than, the Americans at extrapolating the need for running water for women in the home into the building of igloos for men on the moon. (Yet should they not also remember the past glories of their country? Should they not recall their real contribution to Europe and to themselves? The Nazis destroyed the Dnieprostroi Dam: they did not destroy Dostoievsky. Yet Russian writers are still imprisoned.)

The French cannot be outdone by the Russians and the Americans, and in their search for glory they build their *force de frappe* which is neither edible, potable, lovable, witty, beautiful nor even any more remotely useful from a military point of view than was the Maginot Line. (The rumor that certain vineyards have disappeared beneath runways is, with luck, untrue. But still, that so much brain power of what was once the cleverest, if not the most amenable, people in Europe should be wasted on such buffoonery in order to prove that France has almost caught up with the Second Industrial Revolution is indeed a sadness.) And America? America is the first country really to have moved into the new industrial phase, with sectors of Russian society close behind.

America had perhaps the least miserable share in the First. Unlike pre-industrial Europe there was comparatively little pre-industrial society in America to be destroyed, and what there was was comparatively new. New England surrendered even more quickly than had Old England. Slavery had made the society of the Old South essentially disreputable. The Civil War was the bloodiest between Europeans or people of European descent of all the nineteenth-century wars, but it was comparatively swift and utterly decisive. Far more than any war up to then, it was a triumph for industrialization, and because of the peculiar institution the industrialists happened to be on the right side. It left an almost empty continent open to almost unlimited ambition. From the Atlantic to the Pacific

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the cities sprang up, and the wheat with which to feed their citizens, and the plumbing was at last installed, and the clergymen followed the whores who followed the pioneers, and the railroads came, and the whole great myth was built. Twice in the first half of this century America felt itself threatened, and twice it huffed and puffed and flexed its muscles, and blew their house down. It really blew all the houses down, as Europe first and the rest of the world later become more and more Americanized, that is to say industrialized according to the United States pattern. All the houses except the Kremlin. . . .

Detroit built the tanks and trucks that beat the Nazis. The shipyards of Seattle and Portland built the ships that sank the Japs. Cape Kennedy was supposed to tell the Commies where they got off. It did, in a way, but yet they are still there. The threat remains and America must, by this logic, have even more powerful muscles should ever the huffing and puffing be needed again. The billions that go into this each week have powerfully stimulated, in peaceful industry too, the Second Revolution. These processes appear to be irreversible. There is already almost no room for unskilled labor. There is a diminishing demand for semi-skilled labor. (The New York telephone exchange is a skyscraper with no windows; it employs almost no people. Doubtless they are building one in Moscow with even fewer employees and, being Russians, with fewer windows, too.) And millions of Americans, lacking the skills and talents that fit a computer-and-automation society are now finding themselves in much the same situation as those European victims of the First Industrial Revolution: they have no useful function to fulfill in a society dedicated to industrialization, mechanization, technocracy, automation or whatever the current word (they change almost annually, like the latest automobile) may be. A vast alienated proletariat is being built up once again in the United States, to which will belong most of the Negro population, along with the Indians, Mexicans, Puerto Ricans, and other ill-educated minority groups. And Detroit, the very cathedral city of the First Industrial Revolution, was burned by its own people.

The First Industrial Revolution hit an America which was an almost empty continent. The Second is tormenting a United States with a huge, extremely complex, interlocking society stretching from coast to coast and overseas too. Many aspects of that society may be unattractive, the automobile an urban curse, the level of popular culture boring beyond belief, the real amenities often nugatory, but nevertheless it is an American society with very great and real virtues, the prime product of the First Revolution and its prime justification. Furthermore it is the only society Americans know. It is now being threatened, at its roots, by the Second, much as old societies of Europe were destroyed, at their roots, by the First.

There is no purpose in attempting to ascribe blame for these largely, though not invariably, disastrous tears in the social fabric. But it is as well to point out, if only very briefly, some errors concerning the nature of the rents in that fabric.

Irreversible Process?

The fact that Detroit's was also a race riot is essentially irrelevant. The Negroes of Detroit were better treated —and, what is generally believed the ultimate criterion in an industrial society, *better paid*—than perhaps 90 per cent of the world's population: yet they could not bear it. In England, in those hideous conurbations where hundreds of thousands of men and women live in dreary, identical houses, and watch identical drivel on TV, and hate the lives they live there, they do not riot. They go on strike instead. Very frequently they do this not only out of hatred for the powers that compel them to live dull and empty lives (even the pub-and-chapel society of the nineteenth century has vanished from the great council estates where live the motor-car assemblers), certainly not out of obedience to their shop stewards' occasional orders from the WFTU in Prague, but because a strike is at least a *happening* in which even the man who dislikes his shop steward's politics and may suspect he is being exploited for reasons he dimly distrusts, is yet treated for a brief time as a man and not as an object. He is risking a little: strike pay is not all that good, and so he's a martyr and hero for a few days, at least in his own eyes if not in those of his wife, with the solidarity of his fellow strikers to support him. He is behaving like a man. If his wife nags, then that domestic row is more interesting than most of them, perhaps more amusing than ITV night after night. Or she might love him for his manliness, and show it in bed and in the kitchen. No one blames a man for going on strike for any sensible reason. But who can even blame him if a senseless strike is the only way that he can show he is a man with beliefs, loyalties, a measure of initiative, and prepared to undergo small hardships and slight risks?

Is the process irreversible in fact?

(Continues on page 450)

**"This little policeman went to market,
This little policeman stayed home,
This little . . ."**

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STUDENT POWER

On the Other Hand . . .

JOHN R. COYNE JR.

THE SCRIPT is, by now, drearily familiar. SDSers and their allies scratch around for an issue, stage a demonstration and force a confrontation with police. Mobs of students throw bricks, destroy property, and another college president flees to Addis Ababa. A tired script, yet it always seems to work, and many people must wonder why small groups of campus radicals can at the crucial moment muster sufficient non-ideological student support to carry off these confrontations.

There are numerous answers, of course, ranging from faculty-inspired disgust with what the professors like to call "middle-class values" to loneliness and tension brought on by a pack of punched cards or a rude form letter from the library threatening terrible reprisals if an overdue book is not returned. But perhaps the most convincing explanation for student alienation is the one that only a few men such as Russell Kirk choose to discuss: the American college student, especially the undergraduate, gets gypped. Most undergraduates, at least at the outset, are not potential rioters who want to overturn the whole academic structure just for the hell of it. But, somewhere along the collegiate assembly line, something happens to too many of them. They find they are not being educated.

Hiring Education

Several years ago, former President Barnaby Keeney of Brown summed up the common academic view of the student's role in the educational process. "Students," said Keeney, "tend to forget that they have, in a way, 'hired themselves educated,' and that, having hired an institution, they are well advised to abide by the decisions of the institution." Now this is certainly true to a point. But granted that students do hire an institution to perform a specific service, surely one must concede that they have the right to complain if the institution fails to do the job it was hired to do.

Some colleges and universities still do sell the undergraduate what he pays for, of course, but many others, among them a large number of the state universities, offer little return for the fees they charge. Students flock to these universities, usually because they are residents of the state and cannot afford to pay out-of-state tuition at other institutions. For despite the assumption implicit in Keeney's statement, the assumption that there is a free market of choices for the student, relatively few parents are able to finance out-of-state educations for their children. And while it is true that there are more scholarships today than ever before, it is also true that the competition for them is fiercer. And, in any case, these scholarships are increasingly being reserved for either exceptionally intelligent or exceptionally underprivileged students. And with the advent of federal work-study programs, it has become nearly impossible for students whose families are not destitute to find part-time jobs on campus. The result, then, is that the average high school graduate from an average family must usually either choose to attend his state university or else forget about a college education. And what this university sells him is more often than not a deficient product, not worth even the relatively modest price charged for it.

The typical undergraduate is cheated in a number of ways. His fees, usually funneled into graduate programs, buy him lectures not by high-salaried professors, whose services are reserved for graduate seminars, but instead by teaching assistants, underpaid graduate students who usually work one jump ahead of their classes and who provide the slave-labor base upon which most state universities build their idealistic programs. (One former graduate student likes to tell of the day he asked his department head at a large Midwestern university to raise his $1,650 assistantship because both of his children had pneumonia and the medical bills were piling up. The department head responded with a lecture on the value of thrift.)

These teaching assistants, overloaded with children and debts, usually must moonlight to make ends meet. The case of one such t.a. at the University of Iowa, who taught three sections in the morning, washed dishes in a cafeteria in the afternoons, and cooked most of the night in a restaurant, is not untypical. And in addition, of course, these graduate student-teachers must at the same time drudge along through an obstacle course of unnecessarily petty and harassing Ph.D. requirements. Such people can seldom do a good thorough job of teaching the undergraduates delivered into their care. Their knowledge of the subjects they teach is limited, they have little practical classroom experience, and they usually find themselves adopting the same obfuscating techniques used by their own poorer professors in order to hide their ignorance and lack of preparation. And let it become necessary to choose between finishing up a term paper for a major professor or preparing a lecture for an undergraduate, any graduate student who wants to keep margarine on the family bread will finish up the paper. Of such stuff are comic novels made. And poorly educated undergraduates. And one should not suppose that this is a minor problem. Recently, one typical large Midwestern state university revealed that over half of its undergraduate courses were being taught by graduate assistants.

'Shock' and 'Relevance'

The undergraduate is cheated in numerous other ways. Examples are legion, familiar to anyone who has attended large public universities: the huge upper-division courses, open both to graduates and undergraduates, in which one of those rare birds, a senior professor, drones old lectures from note cards yellow with age; the young firebrand instructor whose sole mission seems to be to destroy whatever values students have brought with them from home ("Got to shock them out of their middle-class values," thinks the lecturer, the only son of a Crete, Nebraska druggist, as he reads the spicier parts of *Pamela* aloud); and, most pitiful of all, the older professor who wants to make his lectures "relevant." "Sarah Orne Jewett would not be entirely un-

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sympathetic to today's student protests.")

Anyone who has lived in academe knows that the list of abuses of higher education is endless. The problem is, however, what to do about them. One expects little help from administrators, most of whom these days spend all their time conducting monologues with small groups of radicals. And the faculty, who adopt liberal political ideas in the same way they buy button-down shirts and pipes, is perhaps the single most reactionary group in the land when considering any sort of educational reform which might modify traditional faculty prerogatives. (A great wave of faculty protest recently swept over the Berkeley campus when Governor Reagan, attempting to balance his budget, discovered tenured professors at Berkeley taught only five hours per week. Thinking he could shave the university's request for funds to hire new faculty, the Governor suggested that each professor teach an additional class. The reaction was one of shocked outrage.)

Following Advice . . .

This would seem, then, to leave it up to the student. And his options are sharply limited. University offices are too often staffed by men to whom it is useless to complain, epitomizations of Kafka's bureaucrats. For these men, literally, students are only numbers. Department heads are inaccessible, and college presidents, when they are not fleeing to Ethiopia, are busy serving on various commissions which study how to improve society. Keeney would tell students not to rock the boat; faculty would say that the student lacks the academic expertise necessary to improve things; and the tyrants of the administrative offices would tell him to go home and memorize his ID number. The student, then, usually has three options. He can be quiet, he can drop out, or he can protest.

Until recently, the drill was to keep quiet. Those of us who came back from Korea to find that we were not only older than our instructors but knew a good deal more about life than they, were usually content to treat them as we had treated commanding officers. Keep our mouths shut, let them think they were fine fellows, and do what we wanted to do. We earned our degrees, but many of us carried away a bad taste which was to linger and, at the very least, make us a bit cynical about those high-flown statements of purpose composed by pr men from college catalogues. Recently, however, students have begun to follow the advice of those educators who used to chide us for our "apathy." How such men as Grayson Kirk must regret those speeches of the Fifties.

It is difficult to condemn today's non-ideological undergraduate for his noise precisely because he has so few alternatives. He is automatically assigned to a section in each of his classes. If the instructor is a lemon, it proves as difficult for the student to switch sections as it would have been for Thackeray to divorce his lunatic wife. Such a student knows that he must invent some sort of excuse such as a schedule conflict, for if he tells the truth, if he says the instructor is a nitwit, he will probably not only fail to get his section changed but will be singled out by that instructor for the rest of the term. And the free choice of programs is similarly mythical. At most universities everyone takes the same courses for the first two years and often beyond. There is, therefore, little chance to choose among programs. And the other alternative, that of leaving and going elsewhere, is equally impractical. It is, for instance, very difficult to transfer in the middle of the first year, although that is the ideal time to bail out of a bad university. Deans and admission officers view such transfer applications with great suspicion and, at any rate, the financial problems involved would probably be too great. University bursars, the undergraduate learns, are as diligent as collection agencies.

Children

If the average undergraduate at the average state university is not content to follow Keeney's advice, then, and if he decides that he deserves the product which the university purports to sell and for which he has paid, chances are that he will look around for a way to make his grievances heard. It is particularly unfortunate that at present the only people who seem to get a hearing

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KID-KILLERS

A Night with the Drugged Children of America

SUZANNE LABIN

IT WASN'T until I had spent a night at a police station in West Hollywood that the figures I had read on drug addiction among the young in America were translated into human tragedy.

I would have thought that things would be slow at night at a police station. What I found was the tension of a fort under military attack. Three years earlier, I was told, this same precinct had three cars patrolling the streets on weekend nights. Today there are twenty, with forty policemen and detectives on night duty—all the result of the hippie phenomenon and the rise in drug use. And the police are overworked despite a fivefold increase in personnel in three years.

In the room to the left of the entrance hallway I noticed two men behind bars and was appalled as I always am when I see human beings in such surroundings. But my pity for them—the thieves and the drunks that make up much of the night-time occupancy of a city precinct station—was soon submerged by a far more distressing sight: coming through the door, escorted by policemen, was a group of children, picked up on the streets at night, all of them having on them drugs of some sort. Neither the children nor the women were put in cells—they present no physical danger to the police officers. They are questioned either in the entrance hall or in the offices of the detectives.

It's one o'clock and I watch a continuous stream of children being brought in. First two boys, then three young girls. The oldest girl is fifteen, cute with a tight short dress that outlines her adolescent breasts and leaves her skinny shoulders bare—it's hot in Los Angeles even at this hour. The two other girls, slovenly dressed and with messy hair, look more like schoolgirls than delinquent children of the night. They refuse to give the police their parents' addresses, pretending that they don't know where they live. They lie brazenly, arrogantly. One bursts into laughter: "My mother? If you know where she is, please tell me."

A detective tells me that more often than not when the parents of a sixteen-year-old runaway, who has been picked up smoking marijuana, arrive at the station their reaction is: Well, she's sixteen. She's old enough to know what she's doing. The child is then often sent to a psychiatrist—who solves nothing. She runs away again, is picked up again, the parents are called in again, they take the child home and send her back to the psychiatrist—and the cycle is repeated. That is the story of the daughter of a minister friend of mine in Chicago.

In the United States the number of runaways is reaching tragic proportions. These runaways are comfortably and warmly dressed, well fed, and more often than not well supplied with pocket money. They have usually left home over a small matter, often to protest a parental injunction of one sort or another. For the most part they have nothing against their parents. They have run away for adventure, to see the world, and because in many circles in the past couple of years it has become the thing to do.

'Everyone Does It'

In contrast to the girls, the boys who are brought in tonight seemed scared. Police are apt to be tougher on boys than girls. One boy is on the verge of tears. He gives the police his mother's address. He comes from Quebec and is fourteen years old. I speak to him in French. I tell him he can confide in me because no one else in the station house speaks French. He's a nice boy, shy and polite. He finds it hard to contain his tears at the prospect of a night behind bars. I ask him what led to this night that he will never forget.

His story is not even dramatic. He lives with his older sister and his mother, very happily, he tells me. One day he went to a birthday party. Instead of going home from it he stayed out that night, wandering around the streets, observing the night life. Nothing so serious about that. But in the course of the evening he got hold of some marijuana. He was given the cigarettes free—a number of the children questioned tonight say they got theirs free, too. And he didn't go home. He drifted into the hippie life, and ended, tonight, in the West Hollywood police station.

I leave the police station for a while to make a tour of Sunset Strip with a couple of detectives. We go into a hippie discothèque. The music is so loud it makes my head ache. Brasses blare out over a background of discordant sounds, but all is subordinated to the hysterical shrieks of a singer who twists and turns, pulling her long dark hair out in front of her to the full length of her arms. She tosses the mop of hair across her face so that there are no eyes, no mouth, nothing but the voice: the mad voice that comes through the mass of hair. My eardrums are about to burst and my eyes are assailed, wounded, tortured by an orgy of light, of screaming images that flash on and off so rapidly that you can't tell what they are. You just about recognize the face of a young girl with an open mouth when a gangster fires a pistol into your face; a horse gallops over you; and you're about to scream when you find yourself in the Garden of Eden where a beautiful naked girl appears, only to be engulfed immediately in a raging sea. And always, all the time, superimposed on everything else the face of the young girl with the open mouth whose features, whose expression you never get because of the speed with which it flashes on and off. Our optic nerves are the target of ten projectors which simultaneously beam images on different surfaces of the dark walls, images that flash with the speed of lightning and with all its brightness. Colored designs, sometimes violet, sometimes brown, but with red always dominating the colors, cross, clash, torture us.

Then I notice human forms on the darkened dance floor moving to the beat of the orchestra. I am told that these are what were known in earlier days as dancers. They are squeezed like sardines in a can and yet these are the most solitary dancers in the world. Each one sways alone. None of them watches the *grand guignolesque* spectacle on the walls. They watch their feet. No girl smiles at a boy, no boy at a girl. But then there is nothing to see, nothing to touch: these swaying, undulating, bending, stretching phantoms wear shapeless pants on their nether parts, outsized In-

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dian vests with fringes around the middle, are covered on top by long hair to which the incessant movement of the head seems to give a life of its own. They are shadows without substance, asexual, shadows in constant movement, engulfed in incessant sound. I can't take this machinegun fire of sound and light for more than fifteen minutes. How, I ask my detective friends, can the habitués stand this hell all night long? It's because they've smoked marijuana or are on other drugs, they tell me, and their senses are dulled.

I return to the police station. New faces behind the bars; more children waiting to be questioned. A small boy, slim, with fine features and the rosy skin of a very young girl, with large chestnut eyes, the pupils dilated. I approach him and he asks: "Are you the fuzz?" I ask him to repeat the question, my knowledge of English not being up to hippie slang. I finally understand that he wants to know whether I am connected with the narcotics squad. I laugh and tell him that I am a French journalist doing a story on the hippies. My French accent convinces him and he tells me his story.

In front of him is a table on which lie the things they found on him: a dozen marijuana cigarettes rolled in yellow paper; some loose shreds of marijuana, some ashes from the cigarette he had been smoking when arrested. There are also some rose-colored beads that contain drops of LSD, "acid" as it is called. He tells me that he takes LSD trips regularly and that they last from twelve to fourteen hours.

"Aren't you afraid of ruining your health?" I ask.

"Everyone does it," he replies.

"Not everyone. Just people in the groups you run around with. It's a very small group."

"What's the difference, whether it's acid or drink? Why is society so anxious to keep me from ruining my health with drugs while doing nothing to keep me from getting cancer from tobacco?" (This argument is going the rounds of the underground press.)

He tells me that he's just one of three billion people in the world so why is the Establishment so concerned about him. He tells me that all the Establishment wants is to keep him healthy until he is twenty so he can be shot in Vietnam. I ask him if he doesn't think there is anything worth fighting for. Yes, he admits, but adds why not have a good time before he's called up. I ask him if he can't find the amusement he craves in travel, or movies, or sports or girls—in things that won't ruin his health.

I could, he tells me, but they are all expensive. His mother works behind a soda fountain and he doesn't want to end that way.

While we are talking, a policeman brings in something else they have found in his pockets. It is evidence that will convict him. A schoolboy notebook covered with childish writing. On the first page he has listed, in alphabetical order, the names, addresses and telephone numbers of his "clients." On another page is written, in different colored ink, the prices he charges, according to the quality, for grass (marijuana), acid (LSD), speed (methedrine).

Least Common Denominator

On still another page he has totted up his earnings for the month and then subtracted his expenses. There is a large debit notation in the LSD column, and this sentence, followed by two exclamation marks: "I could have cleared $75 more if I had had the strength not to use so much!!"

I am aghast. Seventy-five dollars! One dose of LSD costs five dollars. That means that in the course of a single month he has taken fifteen trips. On another page he has listed the names and addresses of certain wholesalers. On still another the names of new clients to be contacted, and new areas to be explored. Finally across the whole of a blank sheet of paper, and in much larger block letters, this commentary from the future Napoleon of drugs: "I MUST EXTEND MY EMPIRE. . . . "

They come to take him to his cell. Tears start to come to his eyes. Our conversation had made him forget his situation—for the moment. The other boys are going home to their parents, he is going to jail.

He turns toward me politely: "It helped me to talk to you," he says and goes out leaden-footed.

He is fifteen years old.

This parade of drugged children took place in the middle of a Friday night, a Friday night of Friday nights, in a single precinct of a single American city. If you put together all the nights in all the precincts in all the big cities of America you realize that tens of thousands of American teen-agers have and are tasting the forbidden fruit.

And the argument continues to rage between those who insist that marijuana is not addictive and that it should be legalized and those who believe that a good number of young marijuana-users escalate up the ladder to the more dangerous drugs: hashish, LSD, STP, mescaline and the amphetamines, finally heroin.

A night at the West Hollywood police station might help some of the disputants bring the argument down to its least common denominator, the runaway child. □

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NEW YORK'S FINEST

A Policeman (Anon.) Speaks Up

HERBERT KLEIN and 'THE BLUE PHANTOM'

(The following letter, from a New York City policeman who for obvious reasons must remain anonymous, is accurate, all too accurate, according to Herbert Klein, retired police lieutenant and author of The Police: Damned If They Do, Damned If They Don't. *Lieutenant Klein's comments on the letter follow in Part II.*—ED.)

I. A Letter

I AM WRITING this letter to you in the hope that you can help New York City before it is completely tossed into confusion. When he runs for re-election this year, John Lindsay will say that he has protected the people of New York City from crime to the best of his ability. The truth is that he has been systematically destroying the police force.

Last June the sheriff of Cook County [Chicago], Illinois said that if a riot developed he would deputize volunteers and use them to suppress rioters. He was, quite properly, denounced by all responsible police officers. Here in New York the Mayor and Police Commissioner have implemented such a program in a perfectly legal way. They take police candidates and give them a civil service test which has been purposely lowered so as to get more Negroes and Puerto Ricans on the lists. There is nothing wrong with trying to get more minority group members into the Police Department, but to do so by lowering standards is a crime in this day and age when everybody who has studied the work of police officers agrees that the better educated an officer is, the better is his potential for performing under the stress and strain of modern urban civilization. The Mayor doesn't seem to agree.

But let us say that our candidate has passed the written test. He is then given a physical test, and this too has been changed, so that he now can be as short as 67 inches. Now after passing the first two qualifications the candidate should be the subject of a complete background investigation before being appointed to the force. Not in New York City. If you get this far you are given a gun and shield and are now a police officer. And so there are thousands of men in police uniform who are walking the street and entering citizens' homes and places of business, who have never been checked for criminal records. Eventually the city gets around to checking on recruits; they have found men who had been convicted of armed robbery and were still pulling robberies when on the police force. This is not an isolated incident, since other people have been discharged from the force and in one case a discharged member who had never been investigated was charged with homicide.

The first thing you should do with a man who wants to be a good and capable police officer is to train him after he is appointed—but even this step is not taken. In many cases police officers have been given guns, shields and uniforms and *one* lesson on how to fire the revolver, *one* lesson on the right to use deadly physical force, and then sent out onto the street. Men have been placed on the street and used the same as any other officer after only four days on the job. This may be a new record for mass-producing policemen. Such use of recruits as police officers is dangerous

and I wouldn't be surprised if it is actually illegal. Police officers are then integrated into the force, so that the precincts and such supposedly elite outfits as the Tactical Patrol Force are force-fed hundreds of untried, untrained recruits. These men are used in any and all situations with only the normal amount of supervision accorded trained, experienced patrolmen. Now, what the hell is a guy who four days ago was a plumber's helper going to do when he is thrown into the middle of a ghetto for the first time? Either get himself in a jam or find himself a place to hide; the latter is probably the best thing, everything considered, for him to do.

Now all this seems to defeat the purpose of having these police officers on the street. The sergeants don't want the rookies on the street unless it's just long enough to sign their memo books and then go back into hiding. I have seen recruits fall out with portable television sets, all ready to watch their favorite programs with the knowledge that nobody is going to bother them. You can't blame them since they were never properly trained and have no idea of what a police officer is supposed to do.

The Police Commissioner might tell you that this use of recruits is reserved for emergencies, but I know for a fact that it has been a part of normal police operations, on a full-time basis, since the present administration took office. Officers don't know when they can defend themselves, what crimes to arrest for and any of the other things that the working police officer must know. Recruits who are used in this manner also get into the tightest of situations such as those that arise every summer (and now, it seems, year-round) in this city of constant turmoil. Officers are being hurt and sometimes killed because they were never properly trained. When, for example, recruits are integrated into the Tactical Patrol Force and used in every conceivable situation without ever having been trained, this has a side-effect of lowering the morale of the experienced men since they believe that to be a member of this force you should have certain outstanding qualifications.

Eventually you will have in New York a police force composed of untrained personnel, a force which will have to take the inevitable step of lowering its qualifications for sergeants and lieutenants so that there will be enough bosses to do the supervising.

I can't sign this because if there was

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ever a slip, if ever the Department found out who I am, my life, my career and the life of my family would be in jeopardy. Please help us.

Just sign me,

THE BLUE PHANTOM

II. A Memorandum

There is indeed something in what the Blue Phantom has to say. I have broken down his letter into seven allegations, most of them based apparently on personal experience.

1) *Lower entrance standards*

Not only have the tests been simplified, but there is no longer a definite passing grade. In some instances in the past the passing mark was lowered when it was discovered that too few candidates had attained it. Now the Civil Service testers state arbitrarily that the passing mark will be that of the thousandth, or two thousandth, or some such number, which could be anywhere from the top third to the upper half of those taking the exam. This has admittedly been done to encourage recruitment of members of minority groups, but, as the Phantom states, what about the hue and cry for better-educated cops? As far as I know, it is the same liberals who are lamenting the lower middle-class "police mentality," calling for a better educated "professional" police officer, and also demanding that the minority groups be well represented in the Police Department.

2) *Lack of complete background investigation*

Until the Lindsay-Leary era, all men applying for jobs as Patrolman-on-Probation in the Police Department of the City of New York were investigated by the Civil Service before their names were certified on the list which went to the Police Commissioner. Most of this investigation had to do with the truthfulness of statements appearing on the Civil Service application, such as age, place of birth, personal identity, previous schooling and employment, veteran credits etc. Once a name was certified, the man or woman was subject to a complete background check by a sergeant in the Police Academy, under the direction of a lieutenant especially trained and assigned to that duty.

A criminal record of any type (even an unanswered traffic summons—this happened to me; I had to see a judge in Dutchess County to straighten it out) automatically ruled out eligibility for appointment. Not only have these thorough investigations been discontinued, but there is a move to accept for appointment candidates with "only" one misdemeanor conviction. There is strong opposition to this from men in the Department as well as their organizations, based on the argument that many misdemeanor convictions were actually "bargain-basement pleas" in cases that were felonies at the time of commission and arrest. Pressure for the lowering of standards, of course, has come from minority group leaders, who are not unaware that they are urging the city to give badges, uniforms and guns to rapists, muggers, burglars and such under the guise that their records show convictions for misdemeanors only.

3) *Inadequate training*

This allegation of the Phantom is easily confirmed. To my personal knowledge, within the past six months a rookie class of three hundred probationary patrolmen was sent out on the street for full duty after only two days of training in the Police Academy.

4) *Possible illegality of using untrained policemen*

There is a law in New York State which requires police officers of municipalities to undergo a specific minimum of training—including firearms, laws, procedures etc.—but this does not apply to New York City because it is excepted under a "municipalities of over one million" clause.

It is interesting to note that all the national crime commissions as well as the International Association of Chiefs of Police and similar bodies have stressed of late the importance not only of higher standards for entrance into the police profession, but of more and better training before assignment to active duty. Despite these recommendations and even though he knows better, Commissioner Leary has apparently been pressured by Lindsay to appoint and assign men who are unqualified and untrained.

5) *Cooping*

A great deal has been said and written recently about "cooping," or "sleeping on the job." It has not been mentioned that often the loafer is an untrained policeman who is actually told to hide or "get lost" by his sergeant or other supervisor. "Cooping" has always been an administrative headache in police departments everywhere, but in New York City under the Lindsay administration, men have been ordered to stay out of the way because they are insufficiently trained to operate efficiently.

6) *Lowering of morale*

Your Phantom is obviously one of the "Finest" with some experience: the lowering of morale due to the integration of inadequately trained men into the Tactical Patrol Force and elsewhere is indeed one of the major problems in the Department. My personal observation, interviews and investigation bear this out.

7) *Officers killed because improperly trained*

Whenever an armed police officer is killed in the line of duty it is an indication that he has been improperly or insufficiently trained. When I entered the Department in 1941, we had fairly good firearms training as rookies but poor in-service retraining. During the

(*Continues on page 450*)

Styx Ball Down By the River

And here I sit, smoking Pot
Omac sending up her mists into my bloodshot
Inner eye;
Dante knew such pain as I:
Scouted he one day Beatrice by the Arno;
Blind Homer, too, troubled, spun his yarn: O
Dysseus, you recall, cruised the wine-dark sea
Ten years in search of home plate.
Penelope
Rainchecked all those bush-league drearies,
Till hubby beaned them in The Series.
Chaucer took us up to Canterbury.
Such frailties he made us see as strikes, and balls, and fouls are very
Much a matter of *la condition humaine*: spit
Balls will be thrown in Chicago so long as there is split
Infinitive to cruelly grub the infield grass
Where poets vainly backhand stab at pass
Ing hits that freak out, that's ferdamsure,
Long before they reach the green, green pastures of New Hampshure.
Paradise is a lofting ball lost in the sun
Forever. Just don't lose the Sun
Nufabits, Himself.
Where do you think all the Light, Heat, Goodness, Truth, Beauty and Welf
Come from, Kiddies?
Like St. Thomas Aquiddies?

JOHANNES EFF

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THE OPEN QUESTION

The Israel Haters

MAX GELTMAN

THE LITANI—"mark well the name," Daniel daCruz warns ("Letter from Beirut," *NR*, April 8)—"may be the Sarajevo of World War III." Now, in truth, it *may* be, but just as likely may the Rio Grande. For, in fact, there are about as many Americans who want to annex Mexico as there are Israelis who want to conquer Lebanon. Having planted his warning—as if it were something to fear for real—the correspondent from Beirut tells of a plot that dates back to 1919 when "the Zionists first claimed the Litani—in fact *all* south Lebanon, as well as the present Kingdom of Jordan," etc. Among the plotters one finds a few names. Men like Eban, Allon and Herzl are mentioned. "When the Israeli push into Lebanon comes, as Abba Eban, Yigael Allon and Zionism's founder Theodore Herzl among others insisted it must, then the moment of truth"—but here we must interrupt this Byzantine narrative in order to bring some order out of this propagandistic morass. In the first place, there was no Lebanon in 1919 (Lebanon was separated from the constituent whole of Palestine in 1920 and it was not until 1943 that the country achieved national independence, just about five years before Israel did); in the second place neither Allon nor Eban had yet been born; while the "founder of Zionism" would just as soon have settled for a river in Uganda as for the Litani.

When Mr. daCruz speaks of the "self-promised" land he is guilty of a bit of blasphemy since the land was promised by the Lord God *to* the children of Israel, and their legal claim for it has been upheld by such distinguished authorities as William E. Blackstone and most of the legal luminaries of nineteenth-century England. According to Blackstone "the law of dereliction" could not be applied to the Jews since they never gave up their title to Palestine, "they never gave up the land. They made no treaty, they did not even surrender. They simply succumbed, after the most desperate conflict, to the overwhelming power of the Romans. . . . Since then, having no sovereign nor political head through whom they could speak, they have disputed the possession of the land, by continued protest through their literature and their public and private worship."

But daCruz mocks the Jewish "claim" to Palestine—or to that part of it now known as Israel—by chiding them for ignoring the "intervening ownership" of the territory since the Kingdom of David. Let us say he means since the sacking of Jerusalem in 70 A.D. That is the way the historians—all the historians—Jewish, Christian, Moslem, understood it. So that for the last 1,900 years the author gives the impression there was an "intervening ownership" that was not only not Jewish, but Arab, which is, of course, so much dross, believed by nobody but the totally ignorant. Now ignorance, like murder, may be innocent or premeditated. It can be due to simple lack of information in which case the situation is soon corrected; or it can be motivated by malice or by an ideological commitment in which case argument is as futile as a dialogue with the devil. So that when one reads this kind of stuff in Arab propaganda or in the leftist press, like the argument in *New Politics* (December 1967) by Hal Draper, which makes similar claims of an "intervening ownership" of the land by an independent nation of Arabs "for 2,000 years," one is tempted to dismiss it as one would the utterances of the Soviet ambassador to the United Nations.

'Mark Well the Name'

One will recall that when the Soviets were called before the Security Council to answer for their aggression in Czechoslovakia, Ambassador Malik blithely — and innocently — remarked that Soviet tanks aided by Warsaw Pact troops, including the goose-stepping forces from East Germany, had come to Czechoslovakia at the behest of the patriotic and democratic citizens of that country to help put down a plot of "Zionist and imperialist bandits" from you know where. That is what he said, and nobody believed him. Nobody? Not quite. Many comrades who read the official party press believed him—or acted as if they did—which amounts to the same thing. They being possessed of the veto, no censure was inflicted on the Russians, but, we are informed by the righteous reporter from Beirut, Israel has received "32 UN condemnations," and still goes on its merry expansionist way. Gosh! No respect for the UN at all!

Here a bit of Palestininan history is in order. There has been no "intervening ownership" of the land by an Arab state claiming hegemony over the landmass known as Palestine from the beginning of historical times until the very recent past, that is, until the breakup of the Turkish occupation of the land by the Allied powers after World War I. Never, at any time, except for about one hundred years during the Umayyad Caliphate (non-Mecca oriented) has any claim to an Arab hegemony been asserted by anyone over the land, especially that part of it now called Israel. Going back in time, the British mandatory power ruled the land from 1918 to 1947; the Ottoman Turks occupied it for four hundred years (with a slight Napoleonic interruption) from 1517 to 1917. Before that the land was ruled by marauding Mamelukes, the Seljuk Turks, the Crusaders (about two hundred years), the Abassid Caliphs and the Umayyads who occupied the landmass of Palestine after the Roman-Byzantine rule expired in 636 A.D. All these occupations—except the Umayyad—were directed from an outside center; from Rome or Mecca or Constantinople or London. Only in modern times—only with the UN partition resolution setting up an Arab state in Palestine west of the Jordan and a Jewish hegemony occupied by Israel today (aside from the occupied territories since the June War of 1967) can one speak of an Arab state in Palestine, the largest part of which is made up of the Kingdom of Jordan, also a recent creation by the British during the time they occupied the territory. That the local Arab population refused to establish an independent state of its own is nobody's fault—certainly not Israel's. That hundreds of thousands preferred to leave Israeli Palestine (or were driven out; that is not at issue here) creating

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a serious problem is no reason to talk of Israel's appetite for "aggression," that will not be appeased until some "neck-wringing" is resorted to. The facts are that the neighboring Arab states, or rather Arabic-speaking states, sent their armies across Israel's internationally established borders in an effort to destroy the new-born nation—but the Israelis defeated them—all the five armies—in 1948 and so things stood until (with a passing adventure in 1956) Egypt, bristling with Soviet armaments, thought to test its strength with Israel, and called for the destruction of the Hebrew nation, only to find itself and its Soviet-made armor shattered by superior Israeli force. Not by superior numbers, but by greater intelligence, leadership and determination to survive. For survival was not vouchsafed them if Arab-Soviet arms had won the day. Yet the Jews in Israel persist in surviving, a fault the universal historian Arnold Toynbee cannot forgive them. And the Left—New and Old—rages with frustration since it demands identification with "liberation fronts"—any fronts of national liberation—anywhere, anytime. The fact that these receive instructions from Cuba is enough to make Susan Sontag's heart leap with joy; the further fact that many Arab commandos are Vietcong-trained makes the anti-America and anti-Israel identity even sweeter.

If Lebanon is a free nation today, it is due to the fact that Egyptian and Syrian-inspired leftists operating from within (and without) the country in 1956 were frustrated in their attempts to take over the nation when President Eisenhower sent 2,000 marines to occupy the Litani River banks that so concern your Beirut reporter. Never in all the time that I have been studying the Middle East situation—having spoken to scores of Lebanese about the prospects of Israeli-Lebanese relations—have I heard of an attempted plot to seize the treasures of the Litani Valley —"mark well the name."

The Facts

Mr. daCruz thinks he has hit upon something novel by accusing Israel of "expansionist" dreams that date back to 1919. (Actually they date back to 2000 B.C.) So he conjures up names from the public press and attributes to the two most moderate and accommodating of Israeli leaders expansionist ambitions that are held by one or two friends of mine in Israel whose names I need not divulge at this time.

The facts are: Israel has never initiated an unwarranted attack on any of its neighbors—never, not even during the Suez adventure with two of its dubious allies, France and England. It has over-reacted at times, it has retaliated, but it has never *taliated*. The land that it occupies was granted it by international charter, or was won—*in self-defense*—and in honorable combat.

Since when is it a crime for a sovereign nation to defend its borders from enemies domestic or foreign? Israel has both, and they are not always Arabs. In London today an Israeli New Leftist, a Sabra, publishes *Imperial Israel* that

is as full of hatred for the Hebrew nation as are the radio broadcasts from Cairo. The publication breathes a dual contempt for America and its imperialist puppet Israel. Already Bertrand Russell has sent warm greetings for this new ally in savaging the land of his hate—America, with Israel thrown in for good measure. The pornoleft press —from *Ramparts* on the West Coast to *Evergreen Review* in New York, the official Communist press; the dirty underground press, the Black Panther press are all ablaze with hate for the "imperial puppet" in the Middle East—Israel.

A Premonition

So what else is new? Only that the reckless call for an Israeli "neck-wringing" is reproduced as if it were meant in good earnest—or as if it were true. Neither is the claim for a "Roman Catholic" majority in the land true nor the assertion that Lebanon enjoys "Western-style democracy." As for the latter, perhaps their "style" of democracy is better than ours, but it is *not* "Western-style." (Top leadership is equally divided—by fixed understanding—between the Christian and Moslem communities.) As for the "Roman Catholic" majority, the facts are that the Maronites are indeed the largest segment of the Christian population, but the rest of the inhabitants (Moslems and other Christians) outnumber the Maronites considerably, or so the Lebanese information office informs me. Nevertheless, Lebanon rules itself viably and efficiently with its religious divisions "Western style" or not. One doesn't quarrel with it. If it suits the Lebanese, fine. Perhaps the dream of a binational state in Palestine made up of Arabs and Jews, as Martin Buber hoped for, would have worked out differently—and better. Who can tell? Meanwhile Israel is here and means to stay around for a while, asking only to be left in peace. And it has declared before the world that it does not intend to die—without a struggle, and to the last man. Perhaps there are some—on all sides of the political spectrum—who would not feel too depressed by this outcome, but for the Jews, perhaps for all of us, it would be a tragedy. Says Eric Hoffer:

"I have a premonition that will not leave me; as it goes with Israel so will it go with all of us. Should Israel perish the holocaust will be upon us."

What he meant, I think, is that Israel will be destroyed not by Christians but by Communists. And if international Communism can accomplish this—and the world look on—it will soon be up with the rest of us, that is those of us who cherish freedom before anything else—including life. What he meant, finally, was that American interests in the Middle East can be best served by supporting Israel's right to survival. □

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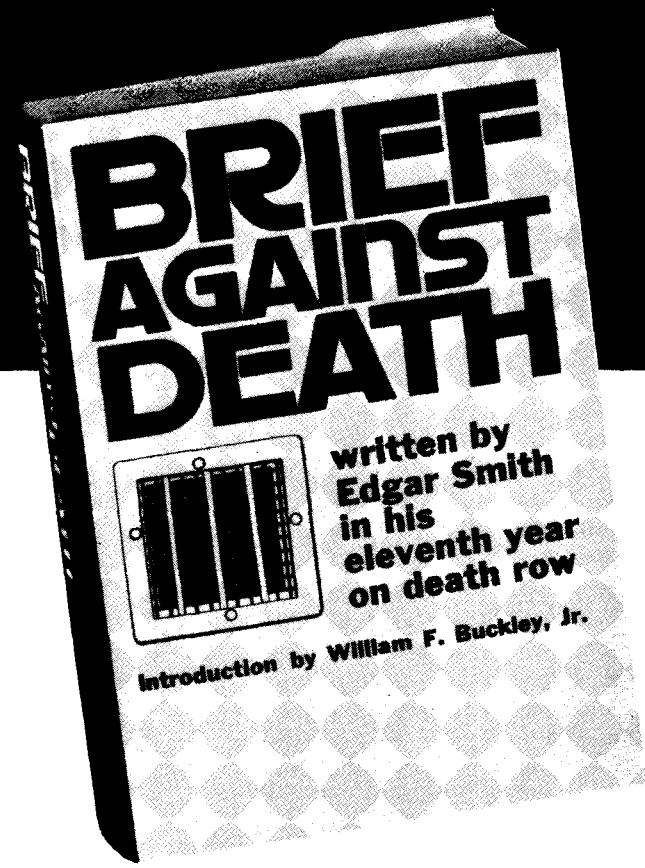

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RUSSELL KIRK

A NEW CHRISTIAN COLLEGE?

FROM THE ACADEMY

Out in California, a number of Catholic scholars and allies of theirs are drawing up plans for a new undergraduate college, which may be called The College of St. Thomas More. Why yet another Catholic foundation, when many of those already existing are dubious about their own prospects, intellectual and financial?

An answer is offered by Dr. Ronald MacArthur, professor of philosophy at St. Mary's College, one of the prime movers in this new undertaking. Secular institutions—and particularly those supported by the state—are gone goslings, he reasons, having degenerated into mere "service" establishments or intellectual cafeterias; most of them are hideously overgrown. Christian colleges —or, more especially, Catholic colleges —have been much damaged by the modern climate of opinion and modern appetites; some are beyond restoration. Of the American Catholic college, he writes:

"Religious courses were isolated, and in no way performed a sapiential function with respect to the rest of the curriculum, contenting themselves with passing on some of the truths of Catholicism and the richness of the Catholic heritage—all the while claiming to be the most important part of Catholic education. The Catholic college was, therefore, a house divided against itself, which asked its students either to retreat into the narrow confines of a Christian philosophy unable to cope with the modern world, or to abandon in the name of that world the Christianity which was their most valuable possession. It is not surprising, therefore, that under constant pressure, the fatal flaw would become manifest even to the educators who proposed it in the first place, and that it would lead the Catholic college to question its own existence and its own relevance for the students and the community it sought to serve.

"Added to this weakness is the general debility of all the American colleges, which long ago abandoned any genuine liberal education, substituting for it a random collection of courses to serve the multifarious demands of the students and to train them for the professions by satisfying the demands of the graduate and professional schools."

This intended College of St. Thomas More, then, would be dedicated to the essential truths of Christian learning, "giving order and purpose even to the teaching and learning of the secular disciplines." In some respects, it would resemble that university which John Henry Newman never succeeded in establishing. Its curriculum would be confined to theology, philosophy, language, mathematics, speculative science; it would eschew all vocationalism, socialization, veneer-of-culture surveys and obsession with "current awareness."

In San Francisco, a few weeks ago, there gathered together a number of people earnestly interested in the possibility of founding such a college. Members of the faculty of St. Mary College (an existing Benedictine foundation) were numerous among them, and they were much helped by the presence of several professors from St. John's College (Annapolis and Santa Fe), whose "Great Books" program has been one of the few healthy innovations or restorations in American liberal learning during this century. The meeting's organizer was Mr. Peter DeLuca, of the Intercollegiate Studies Institute.

"First of all," Mr. DeLuca comments, "this school will have a unique advantage. We will know precisely what it is we hope to do, in principle, and will therefore need only to solve practical and prudential problems. One of the great weaknesses of American higher education is that no one has any real certainty about what education is."

A college that thinks in terms of Mark Hopkins on one end of a log and a student on the other end need not be costly. The very concentration of the curriculum would abolish the most expensive features of Behemoth University.

This institution would study in intense detail the Scriptures, the dialogues of Plato, the works of Aristotle, selected treatises of St. Augustine and St. Thomas Aquinas; there would be time, though not quite so much, for seminars centering about the thought of other men of genius. The apprehension of natural science would be attained through study and discussion of Euclid, Ptolemy, Galileo, Einstein and a few other selected philosophical scientists. There would be next to no fragmentation of the curriculum into narrow departments.

MUCH remains to be settled, of course. For my part, I suggested at the San Francisco meeting that more attention ought to be paid to rhetoric, and to the historical consciousness. Professor William Oliver Martin, of Rhode Island, declared that the college ought to be situated in a city, where many public facilities—especially large libraries—are readily available; and that it ought not to erect dormitories. Some present were of the opinion that the tentative curriculum smacks a trifle of the seminary, and might be made more liberal in Newman's sense of that abused word. Yet it is possible to arrive at agreement in such matters once first principles are generally accepted.

As Professor MacArthur puts it:

"Liberal education, then, begins in wonder and aims at wisdom. . . . In keeping with the immeasurable value of its end, and the discouraging remoteness of that end, it does not disdain the study of those humbler disciplines that are the first steps on a long road. Thus it begins with the liberal arts, proceeds to the particular philosophical disciplines, and terminates in wisdom."

Amen to that. People seriously interested in this undertaking might obtain fuller information by writing to the Institute for Christian Education, 6 Carisbrook Drive, Orinda, California. □

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Whose National Interest?

JAMES BURNHAM

A New Foreign Policy for the United States
By Hans J. Morgenthau
Praeger, $6.95 (Paper, $2.75)

Of this new book by Professor Hans Morgenthau, as of many of these conglomerates stitched together from used articles, lectures and conference papers, it must be said that the whole is a lot less than some of the parts. Several of the parts, happily, are quite good. The analytic separation of "six types of foreign aid," for example, is sensible and might even be useful. (Though Prof. Morgenthau's obsessive habit of starting every topic with a dictum that there are six policies or three conclusions or five consequences or seven principles gets terribly boring. It is doubtless carried over from the classroom, where it is a routine device to keep students awake and at their note-taking. The numbering confers a pseudo-scientific aura, like the Weather Bureau's new-style "70 per cent probability of precipitation.")

To get back to foreign aid, whether there are really six types or nine and a half, it might quite possibly make for more intelligent proposals and appropriations if the government followed Prof. Morgenthau in distinguishing humanitarian aid, aid that is in fact a bribe, military aid, aid for prestige purposes, and so on. His critique of aid "for economic development" is excellent.

Somewhat surprisingly from one who has admitted that the existence of nuclear weapons has led him to accept the Better Red than Dead principle, the chapter on "Nuclear Power and Foreign Policy" is for the most part cogent and objective. His discussion of the difficulty in drawing a line between the tactical and strategic use of nuclear weapons and of the flaws in the "counterforce strategy" is impressive.

PROF. MORGENTHAU has long been known as chief spokesman in this country for the doctrine of "the national interest." In this as in previous books of his, the idea of the national interest provides the framework for political and strategic analysis. The rhetoric associated with the idea of the national interest has a hard-boiled, no-punches-pulled flavor compared to the rhetoric associated with one-world ideas, Woodrow Wilsonism, anti-colonialism, universal disarmament, and so on. As a result, Prof. Morgenthau has been thought of as a tough, realistic, no-nonsense, even Machiavellian sort of political scientist. This impression is unfair: in spite of the rhetoric, his heart (and his conclusions) have always belonged to liberalism. This is presumably why, for all his rhetoric, his writing has found its natural home in the liberal journals. (The present book is sponsored by the Council on Foreign Relations.)

There is a central ambiguity in Prof. Morgenthau's handling of the idea of the national interest that deprives it of objective validity. Is the national interest the interest that a nation does *in fact* pursue? or is it the interest that it "ought" to pursue? Prof. Morgenthau wobbles between the two definitions, sometimes in the same paragraph. The first (descriptive) definition is appropriate to an objective empirical inquiry —and, indeed, some of his historical analysis, from this standpoint, of the policies followed by various nations, including the United States, is illuminating. But when he slips into the second (normative) definition, or mixes up the two, anything goes, and the soft core shows through. "While the Soviet Union knows its interest and acts upon it, the West does not know it, and insofar as it does, is unable to act upon it." This can be true only if nations do not *as a fact* always act "upon" their national interest. Prof. Morgenthau's idea of national interest loses all its pseudo-scientific precision and becomes simply the policy that Prof. Morgenthau approves. The national interest that the U.S. "ought" to pursue turns out to be the usual liberal goals masquerading in Machiavellian work-clothes: slug away at the Hitlers, Francos and South Africans; negotiate and disarm with the Soviet Union; "eliminate nuclear weapons"; bug out of Vietnam.

PROF. MORGENTHAU'S ambiguities evoke a maximum confusion when he gets around to Communism. On Communism he is all over the lot. Consistently with Definition I, he must treat Communism as a mere epiphenomenon, a verbal cover for national interest. And so he does for nearly all of the long Chapter Three of this book. "The Communist world appears to have reverted to the traditional pluralistic pattern in which individual nations cooperate or compete with each other for the protection and promotion of their respective interests." (How, according to the Morgenthau theoretic principles, they could ever have followed any other pattern, is not explained.) "The Soviet Union stands revealed as just one state among others."

But suddenly we read: "While contemporary interventions, serving national power interests, have sometimes been marked by the ideologies of Communism and anti-Communism, these ideologies have been an independent motivating force. The United States and the Soviet Union face each other not only as two great powers competing for the advantage in traditional ways. They face each other also as the fountainheads of two hostile and incompatible ideologies. . . . Thus the cold war has been a conflict not only between two world powers but also between two

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secular religions." All very sensible, but Prof. Morgenthau has no right to say it.

Prof. Morgenthau is repeatedly scornful about the fact that "we continue to act as though Communism were still a monolithic force wilfully threatening the interests of the U.S." On the contrary, he insists, we've got to abandon "the assumption that Communism everywhere in the world is . . . detrimental to the national interests of the U.S. . . . We are faced with a variety of Communisms . . . whose bearing upon the interests of the U.S. requires empirical examination in each instance. . . . It is essential that only that type of Communism hostile to the interests of the U.S. be . . . contained." But though this point is made again and again in abstract terms, Prof. Morgenthau never does get around to telling us exactly which are the bad Communists hostile to U.S. interests and which the good Communists with whom we can be friendly.

EXCEPT in the case of the Vietnamese Communists. These, thank the Lord, are good Communists. If we can't quite yet be friendly with them, we have no reason to worry about them or make any effort to contain, much less defeat, them. And, when you think it over, the function of this book would seem to be to plaster over Prof. Morgenthau's shabby behavior in the matter of Vietnam. His behavior has been shabby not because he opposed U.S. intervention; this many Americans did and do, and the merits of the issue are properly debatable. But Prof. Morgenthau, going much further, has lent his name, reputation and distinguished credentials to gatherings, movements and declarations wherein his presence has merely given a respectable front to irresponsibility, sentimental pacifism, demagogy, anti-Americanism and disloyalty.

Such irresponsibility is contagious. The sections of this book dealing with Vietnam are at an appalling level. "What we have been facing in South Vietnam is a primitive nation-in-arms, the war of a total population." They [the Vietcong] are, like the Spanish and Tyrolean guerrillas fighting the armies of Napoleon, fanatical protagonists of an ideal." Prof. Morgenthau has presumably shielded himself from knowledge of the Vietcong's methods of recruiting in the villages. And neither in this context nor in any other does he mention so much as once that North Vietnamese regulars fight in South Vietnam. For Prof. Morgenthau, it is simply and solely "our fight against the South Vietnamese Communists," who are (see above) the South Vietnamese people. This fight "is relevant only to our relations with South Vietnam, which, even if it were governed by Communists, is unlikely to affect the balance of power in Asia. . . . Not only does the containment of Vietnamese Communists not further the interests of the United States, but paradoxical as it may sound, it is even detrimental to them." This last sentence is logically equivalent to the proposition: a Communist Vietnam is preferable from the standpoint of United States interests to a non-Communist Vietnam. Could there be any more striking proof that in trying to excuse his Vietnam stance Prof. Morgenthau has become, in a word, maudlin? □

H.

FICTION

The Military Philosophers
By Anthony Powell
Little, Brown, $4.95

THE RIVER FLOWS

JOHN BRAINE

There are seven Deadly Sins, and I have committed them all. But until I first read Anthony Powell's *A Question of Upbringing*, only Pride and Anger represented any serious spiritual problem. Until then I believed—or could deceive myself into believing—that I could write as well as any living novelist, if in some cases only over a short distance.

After reading the beginning of *A Question of Upbringing* where the theme of the book and the theme of the *Dance to the Music of Time* sequence which it begins are stated within scarcely three pages—and stated, what is more, from *inside* the novel, not from outside it with the narrator looming over his characters like a puppet master —I was forced to recognize that here was a talent unattainably above mine. And Envy, instead of making an occasional flying visit, has been my house guest ever since.

I think that we all dream of writing a *roman de fleuve*, a sequence of novels which each form part of one great novel; few of us have the creative stamina and the sheer organizing power necessary. The rewards for the reader are great. There's an extra richness, an extra dimension apparent even in the first volume; there will be time for growth, space to explore every character. There will be no walk-on parts, no one frozen, as it were, in one attitude.

ON THE FACE OF IT, the subject of each volume is a phase in the life of Nicholas Jenkins, the narrator who, like his creator, is a professional writer. Nicholas is the son of a Regular Army officer, educated at a public school not entirely unlike Eton. He is cool, detached, dry, controlled; to adapt Roy Campbell, the snaffle and the curb are there all right, and so is the horse.

Life is there in all its raw confusion, all the more authentically there because of the quiet calm tone of the narrator. *Emotion recollected in tranquility*: this definition of poetry can apply to the

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novel, too. Looking back, he can see the patterns of the dance; he can, for instance, from the haven of a happy marriage, remember his stormy affair with Jean Duport.

Nicholas meets her by chance after the Service of General Thanksgiving at St. Paul's. She is now the wife of a South American diplomat. For her he feels nothing: it's what he remembers that is important.

"She mentioned an address in Knightsbridge, as it happened not far from the flat at Rutland Gate where once, quite naked, she had opened the door when we were lovers. Like many things which have actually taken place the incident was now wholly unbelievable. How could this chic South American lady have shared with me embraces, passionate and polymorphous as those depicted on the tapestry of Luxuria that we had discussed together when we had met at Stourwater? Had she really used those words, those very unexpected expressions, she was accustomed to cry out aloud at the moment of achievement? Once I had thought life unthinkable without her. How could that have been, when she was now only just short of a perfect stranger?"

How utterly tasteless, how absurdly contrived, this makes other novelists' treatment of sex appear. There is no physical detail, no crisp curly triangles of pubic hair, no stiffening nipples, no four-letter words. And yet all the lunatic abandonment, the obsessive hunger of mutual infatuation, are exactly delineated.

That's merely one of Powell's gifts. And this ability to present actual sexual relationships between real people instead of tumescence and detumescence between puppets is rare enough to put him ahead of almost any other living novelist. What is rarer still is his sense of period.

For each volume in the sequence is, besides being a phase in Nicholas' life, a phase in English history. If everything that had been written on England from 1914 to 1945 had been lost, then *A Dance to the Music of Time* would tell us basically what we needed to know. It isn't that Powell's characters on the whole make history or are greatly involved in public events. It isn't that he has any political ax to grind. It's simply that he's grasped the fact that we're far from being entirely in control of our own lives, that we're all carried along by, to use Milhailovitch's superb phrase, the gale of the world.

The Military Philosophers takes us into that stage of the war, 1943-45, when victory could no longer be in doubt and when England was ceasing to be a world power. It wasn't obvious —certainly not to the troops in the Middle East or the Far East, for instance. But the retreat from domination was beginning, the dissolution of the British Empire was almost a *fait accompli*.

IT MIGHT WELL BE argued that this was both inevitable and desirable. Nothing, however, can make palatable the fact that one's country is ceasing to be great. Its greatness may bring its inhabitants no material advantages; but it satisfies, for the normal person, an instinct which is as elemental as sex.

The Military Philosophers is the saddest volume of *A Dance to the Music of Time*. For Nick knows, though he doesn't explicitly acknowledge it, that the control of the main direction of the war is being taken from British hands. Nicholas is now a captain attached to a section of the War Office in liaison with the Allied armies. The work of the section is far removed from the actual bloody business of war but eventually the decisions taken there, passing through the maze of military bureaucracy, do have some effect, however slight, upon the course of the war. But the duties of the section are more often diplomatic than operational.

Widmerpool, Powell's most subtle and most monstrous, most comic and most sinister creation, is now a colonel, completely fulfilled in an atmosphere of high-level intrigue, grown more crass, pompous and power-hungry than ever: "In any case, whatever materializes, even if it does transpire—which I sincerely trust it will not—that the Russians behaved in such a regrettable manner, how can this country possibly raise official objection, in the interests of a few thousand Polish exiles, who, however worthy their cause, cannot properly handle their diplomatic relations, even with fellow Slavs. . . . Nor, as I say, can we approach our second most powerful ally about something which, if a fact, cannot be put right, and is almost certainly, from what one knows of them, the consequence of administrative inadequacy, rather than wilful indifference to human life and the dictates of compassion?"

This is Widmerpool at his most typical; "the consequence of administrative inadequacy" which he is referring to is the massacre in the Katyn Forest. Death, at a distance, is present all through the book, the death of anony-

RANDOM NOTES

■ FROM RUSSIA: Harper & Row, publishers to the Establishment, offers (for $6.95) *Marshal Zhukov's Greatest Battles*—40,000 words (one-seventh of the whole) from the Marshal's memoirs, padded out with a 10,000-word introduction by, yes, Harrison Salisbury. Harper's snippet is in the public domain, but world rights to the entire 280,000-word book are held by a British firm that wants to start the bidding at $200,000. . . . *The Blind Beauty* is a play by Boris Pasternak, the first in a trilogy dealing with the freeing of the serfs in nineteenth-century Russia (Harcourt). . . . The Soviet scientist Z. A. Medvedev has written *The Rise and Fall of T. D. Lysenko*, about the funny biologist whom Stalin put in charge of all Russian science; it's still unpublished over there, and nobody's seen Medvedev lately (Columbia, May, $10). . . . MIT will publish, beginning this fall, the complete works of S. M. Eisenstein in four volumes.

■ FROM ALL OVER: The book isn't written yet, but Thor Heyerdahl is at it again: come May, he will test another migration theory by attempting to sail from Morocco to Central America in a craft made of papyrus reeds. . . . Francis Mazière went to Easter Island, looked at the statues and then did what few others have done: talked with the shy, impoverished natives. The conversations gave him some new answers to old questions; see *Mysteries of Easter Island* (Norton, May, $6.95). . . . *Notes from the Century Before* is Edward Hoagland's journal of a visit to northern British Columbia, where he found 450 people living in an area equal to three Ohios (Random House, June, $6.95).

Less ambitious, John Hillaby recounts *A Walk Through Britain*, 1,100 miles from John O' Groats to Land's End (Houghton, $5.95); Ronald Blythe stayed put to gather material for *Report from an English Village*, a study in depth of an agricultural community in the industrial age (Pantheon, May, $6.95). . . . *Spirit of Place* is Lawrence Durrell's travel writings, collected by Alan G. Thomas from his novels, essays and unpublished letters (Dutton, $8.95). . . . H. V. Morton offers *A Traveler in Southern Italy*, companion to his earlier books on Rome and the rest of Italy (Dodd-Mead, September). . . . John Gunther, having run out of continents, gives the treatment to *Twelve Cities*—the usual big ones, plus some smaller but just as important ones like Amman, Warsaw, Hamburg and Beirut (Harper, $6.95).

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mous thousands or the death of individuals like Stringham on secret missions. These deaths are none the less real for taking place, as it were, offstage. They are real and they are futile. This isn't to say that the war was futile, only that futility was part of it.

And Nicholas is growing older. Almost without his knowing it, what happens to all novelists is happening to him. He observes rather than participates, he lives through others. He meets Pamela Flitton—sulky, capricious, vicious, wildly promiscuous—"a woman whose sexual disposition was vested in rage and perversity." There was a time when he would have accepted her challenge. But now, besides being happily married, he has lost the desire to become involved with others. He wants to watch, to listen, ideally to be invisible. There's a certain sadness about this, too; he isn't old, but his youth has gone.

Unpredictably, Widmerpool marries Pamela. And here is the chief reason for my envy of Anthony Powell. To mate these two completely unsuited characters is an easy enough way of giving the reader a surprise. And there with any other novelist the surprises would end. With Anthony Powell they won't; because neither Widmerpool nor Pamela are fabrications but creations, we don't know all that there is to be known about them.

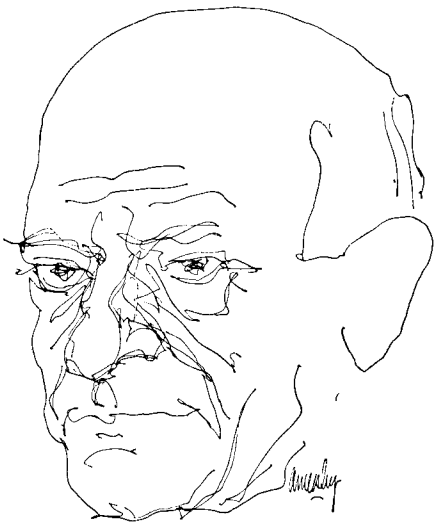
This is not so much a review as an act of homage. And a small recompense for the hours of pleasure his work has given me. And if my pleasure is mixed with envy, then that is the highest honor I can pay him. □

Working and Thinking on the Waterfront
By Eric Hoffer
Harper, $4.95

A MAN OF SENSE

ROSS MACKENZIE

These days, the diary has fallen out of fashion with practically everybody except giggly girls who require something patient enough to listen to their adolescent outpourings. The diary of the thinker, the isolated individual who desires to impart his private musings, is a modern anomaly. But then, that kind of thinker has become an anomaly, too. Most of our contemporary thoughtmongers are not thinkers but self-styled intellectuals—highly educated persons who regard it as their mission to shape mass society to fit their latest dreams of scientific utopia. They are not content to mark down their thoughts in private. They crave influence, and influence dwells in the public realm.



Eric Hoffer cares little about fashion; he cares still less about influence. Nor does he possess a diploma from any school accredited to dispense certified intellectuals. He is an intellectual in the classic sense, however—a man intrigued by the good, a man fascinated by the reasons behind phenomena, a man concerned about why men act the way they do. Truly, Hoffer is an anomaly. And this book—his diary from June 1958 until May 1959—reveals what an engaging anomaly he is.

IN HIS COMPULSIVE QUEST for explanations, contemporary man tends to pigeonhole. This idea goes into that slot, way over there on the Left; this one, in the slot next to it; and this one, over there on the Right. Yet Hoffer has baffled almost everyone. Liberals have wanted to claim him, but his lack of formal education and his denunciations of liberal intellectuals—he regards them as tyrannical, vain, overserious and smug—long ago disqualified him for membership in their ideological club. Conservatives dallied with him for a while, but then Lyndon Johnson declared him to be his favorite philosopher and, well, conservatives started shopping around for someone else. If a classifiable Eric Hoffer emerges from this little book, however, it is Hoffer the anti-ideologue. And as such, he is somebody conservatives, who tend to be non-ideological, ought to want to have around.

The book is rambling and jerky, as diaries frequently are, but filled with aphorisms and delightful insights. E.g., "Vanity manifests itself in overseriousness"; "the British do not want to decline by themselves; they wish to see their own decline as part of a general, natural process"; "I derive a subtle pleasure from the conviction that the world does not owe me anything"; "ignorance tends to be extremist"; "the intellectual sees man's handiwork as a defacement; . . . with common people it is the other way around: they see man's work as an enhancement of nature"; "the homogenizing effect of Communism is partly due to its inducement of passionate rudeness"; "the present fascination with outer space and the eternal preoccupation with stars, heaven and God are a sort of homing impulse which draws us back to where we came from"; "there is an intense patriotism among the rejected"; "the main thing is not to take myself seriously."

HOFFER comes through as a man who is profoundly anti-intellectual—as intellectuals currently are defined, anti-centrist, anti-Communist, solidly pro-American, modestly pro-God, honest, erudite, happy, introspective, aware of his own inadequacies—but not sappily so. It would be difficult to ask any man to be much more. Lionel Trilling has noted the primacy of conservative sense as opposed to the primacy of liberal idea. To the degree that Trilling is correct, Hoffer is a master of sense. One wonders what kind of person he would be if he had gone through the intellectualizing mill at one of our major universities? And, as an anti-intellectual, wouldn't it be fun to hear him expound on the nation's reigning king of anti-intellectuals, George Wallace?

But one is beguiled most, perhaps, by Hoffer's implicit understanding that the few legitimate thinkers remaining to the West can but express their sense and hope for the best. There is no reliable mechanism for translating sense, or idea, into action. Chance prevails. "In the shaping of a life, chance and the ability to respond to chance are everything." Which calls to mind T. S. Eliot: "I am not myself very much concerned with the question of influence, or with those publicists who have impressed their names upon the public by catching the morning tide, and rowing very fast in the direction in which the current was flowing; but rather, that there should always be a few writers pre-

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occupied in penetrating to the core of the matter, in trying to arrive at the truth and to set it forth, without too much hope, without ambition to alter the immediate course of affairs, and without being downcast or defeated when nothing appears to ensue." For a man of Hoffer's humble station, Eliot is anomalous—but nice—company to be in. □

The Case That Will Not Die
By Herbert B. Ehrmann
Little, Brown, $12.50

CAUSE CELEBRE AT GALACTIC REMOVE

DAVID FELIX

After an intense experience of a human event that is rich in incident and pain you would expect a detailed renewal to move you again. Once again, as during my study of the case a few years ago, I went through the streets, the trials, and the executions of the immigrant idealists Sacco and Vanzetti. Yet I felt as I did at a recent science-fiction film, pausing with the traveler at an efficient Howard Johnson refreshment stand in space: an empty universe, cold, mechanical and meaningless.

Mr. Ehrmann, the last important survivor among the defenders and associate defense counsel in 1926-27, establishes himself at a galactic distance from his clients and the sense of their case. He had little contact with Sacco and Vanzetti, seems devoid of interest in them as individuals, and communicates nothing of their humanity. The sense of the case is an even graver embarrassment. Ehrmann touches upon it in a few paragraphs in his introduction and the final two pages of a 545-page text. He delivers himself of a sterling cliché about the case: "It probes to the very heart of human behavior." This begs the question, according to Ehrmann: "Have we the stamina to hold fast to our professed standards of conduct under the stress of transient manias and emotional excesses?" This is virtually all Ehrmann has to say about the case's meaning.

In the first place he has not documented the falling-away from "our professed standards" or the "emotional excesses." Moreover, what does all this have to do with a verdict—even if it were mistaken and unjust—in a murder case nearly a half-century old? Do we not have the stamina to live with the inevitable injustices, past and present, of a world that will not be perfect? Ehrmann is making an enormous claim; Voltaire did not attach nearly so much significance to his *cause célèbre*, the Calas case. Ehrmann's question is really empty and irrelevant, and it suggests the empty and unreal character of the Sacco-Vanzetti universe as he has constructed it.

Each heavenly body moves in its predestined orbit. Once again we are told of the anarchists mysteriously accused of robbery and murder, the unscrupulous prosecutor, the prejudiced judge and jury, the questionable evidence. Except for attempts to counter recent interpretations, everything has been told and retold in Ehrmann's earlier book, *The Untried Case* (1933), and in such other accounts by friends of the defense as G. Louis Joughlin and Edmund M. Morgan, *The Legacy of Sacco and Vanzetti* (1948), Osmond K. Fraenkel, *The Sacco and Vanzetti Case* (1931), and Felix Frankfurter, *The Case of Sacco and Vanzetti* (1927). One seeks vainly for a new fact or idea.

FOR THE SAKE of clarity it would be well to review the old facts. Nicola Sacco, a worker in a shoe factory, and Bartolomeo Vanzetti, an itinerant laborer and occasional fish peddler, were arrested near Boston on May 5, 1920. Police had come upon them while looking for a bootlegger friend of theirs who himself slipped away to Italy. Vanzetti was first tried and found guilty of participating in the abortive Bridgewater payroll holdup of December 24, 1919. Both men were then tried and found guilty of the South Braintree holdup on April 15, 1920, in the course of which $15,775 was taken and two men killed. Massachusetts justice executed Sacco and Vanzetti during the early minutes of August 23, 1927, after seven years of hearings, trials and appeals.

The important evidence includes these facts: Sixteen eyewitnesses put Sacco or Vanzetti at one or the other of the two crimes; both men were armed and equipped with extra ammunition when they were arrested; ballistics tests showed that Sacco's pistol killed the payroll guard; and Vanzetti had a .38 H & R revolver, while the .38 H & R revolver of the guard was missing after the holdup. All the evidence was carefully reviewed, not only by the Massachusetts courts, but also by the governor and a special committee headed by President A. Lawrence Lowell of Harvard. The difficulty is that the reader of Ehrmann's account is exhausted and confused by the time he has arrived at an awareness of some, at least, of these facts.

Ehrmann has led the reader the long way around. He begins with the raw and untested reports of private detectives, swings through the fragmentary data of the hearings, and only then arrives at the trials. Of the enormous amounts of material from the trials and appeals Ehrmann studies only what will assist his arguments. The real data become almost unrecognizable. Thus, in the matter of Vanzetti's identification in the first trial, Ehrmann emphasizes the fact that the witnesses did not call the holdup man's mustache "bushy," and instead used an adjective like "croppy." Unquestionably the prisoner Vanzetti had a thick mustache, one that could be called "bushy." Ehrmann thereupon argues that the witnesses must be wrong —and yet five of them firmly identified Vanzetti as the holdup man at the trial, mentioned a prominent mustache, and had no difficulty withstanding cross-examination. Similarly, to take a more important example, Ehrmann guides the reader from the bulk of the ballistics evidence, which was further strengthened by a new test in 1961. He prefers to discuss his own arbitrary claim that someone switched the bullet exhibit over the course of the years, a claim totally without substantiation. Ehrmann's Sacco-Vanzetti universe is constructed of anti-matter.

Ehrmann's use of the Medeiros confession was his greatest contribution to the efforts to save Sacco and Vanzetti. On May 29, 1926, Celestino F. Medeiros, the holdup killer of a bank cashier, signed a confession saying that he had also participated in the South Braintree holdup six years earlier. He said that Sacco and Vanzetti were not involved. The confession was inaccurate in many details and otherwise incredible, and it permitted Medeiros to win a postponement of his execution. Ehrmann pursued it and improved upon it. He developed information that connected a gang of professional thieves, the Morellis of Providence, to the South Braintree affair. He discovered that the Morellis had robbed freight cars in the Providence yards and that the cars had carried shipments from the South Braintree company that had been held up. The connection is tenuous. The Morellis

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were petty thieves who had never attempted armed holdups. Medeiros himself never mentioned them and indeed refused to give the names of his putative accomplices. The best part of the Medeiros story did not belong to the confession. In his book Ehrmann now retells it with unalloyed enthusiasm and selective recall.

Ehrmann's book nevertheless deserves admiration. It is a model of expository writing, admirably clear whenever it chooses to be clear. Ehrmann has failed to commit the innumerable crimes of the amateur writer. If he uses commonplaces he does so unobtrusively and efficiently. He has selected and organized his materials with great competence. He is a professional of distinction, and in his retirement can surely enjoy the appreciation of the many clients he has served so well.

During the past few years other books have given straighter views of the case. The myth of innocence betrayed has broken down. *Sacco-Vanzetti: The Murder and the Myth* (1960) by Robert H. Montgomery, another Boston lawyer, showed what a more objective legal judgment could do with the same material. Montgomery concluded that the evidence of guilt was substantial and that the trials were fair. The American historian Francis Russell, author of a recent, highly-regarded biography of Harding, treated the fate of Sacco and Vanzetti with compassion and a profound sense of the social context in his *Tragedy in Dedham* (1962). Beginning with the old assumption of innocence Russell decided that Sacco was probably guilty, although he retained his faith in Vanzetti. If one were to rest with this verdict, one would still have to revise the simplistic version retailed by Ehrmann. His construction, professional and irremediably cold, represents an anachronism in the intellectual history of the Sacco-Vanzetti case. □

REVIEW OF THE JOURNALS

PETER P. WITONSKI

"La Cina e Vicina" and *"La Chinoise,"* by John Bragin (*Film Society Review*, Vol. IV, No. 1, September 1968)

John Bragin is one of our most original and perceptive film critics, bringing to criticism a depth of understanding and knowledge rarely equalled in his field. The present essay is not simply an excellent treatise on the art of Marco Bellocchio and Jean-Luc Godard, but a splendid series of insights into French and Italian politics in the Sixties. Bragin's profound understanding of the European Left is obvious throughout this essay.

* * *

"The Accommodation of Political and Religious Values in the Thought of Lord Acton," by Robert L. Schuettinger (*Il Politico*, Vol. XXXIII, No. 1, Spring 1968).

Professor Schuettinger, whose forthcoming book on Lord Acton is expected to do much to enlighten us about this complicated and brilliant nineteenth-century British historian and aristocrat, has written an important study of Acton's political and religious values. Professor Schuettinger has deeply explored hitherto unexamined manuscripts, greatly augmenting our knowledge of Lord Acton.

* * *

"The Past and the Present," by Hugh Trevor-Roper (*The Spectator*, Vol. CCXXI, No. 7329, December 13, 1968).

In December last year, Hugh Trevor-Roper, Regius Professor of History at Oxford University, delivered the Oration Day address at the London School of Economics, where a small clique of leftist students endeavored to disrupt the meeting because they disapproved of Professor Trevor-Roper's views on recent developments in Greece. Professor Trevor-Roper acquiesced to the demands of the radicals, which consisted of unseating his own family and forcing him to endure leftist attacks on his political philosophy in another hall after delivering the Oration. With this said and done, Professor Trevor-Roper, with his customary eloquence, delivered one of the most intelligent talks on history this writer has ever read. "A historian, like other men, lives in the present," he began, "but his study is of the past; and coming as I do from Oxford, where some vestiges of past habits still remain, to this institution, which places emphasis rather on the immediate present, I shall venture to consider the relationship between the two." He goes on to examine the historical mind and the non-historical mind, arguing that the past periodically revenges itself on the present, as in contemporary China where the Celestial Empire has reasserted itself and where Europeans are again the outer barbarians.

* * *

"History and Traditionalism: Maurras and the *Action Française*," by Stephen Wilson (*Journal of the History of Ideas*, Vol. XXIX, Summer 1968).

Action Française is one of the most misunderstood intellectual movements of our century. An examination of its failures (both moral and political) and inconsistencies cannot help but shed light on the cultural and intellectual paucity of the contemporary French Right. Mr. Wilson rightly sees it as an elitist movement—*not* a proto-fascist horde—that attracted some of the most interesting French writers of the twentieth century. Its leader was the brilliant and often wrong-headed Charles Maurras, whose influence over the French Right continues to this day. Maurras attracted sympathizers of all shades, from Marcel Proust and Daniel Halevy to Georges Sorel and Pierre Gaxotte. With painstaking scholarship, Wilson traces the influence of royalism, nationalism, Comtean positivism, and Boulangism on Maurras' thought. He concludes that Maurras' failure to provide the French

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Right with a genuine program caused many of his sincere followers either to lapse into Orleanist conservatism or fascism.

* * *

"Memorandum on the British Labor Party and the MLF," prepared by Richard E. Neustadt (*New Left Review*, No. 51, Sept.-Oct. 1968).

When Professor Richard Neustadt was in England in 1964 he penned a memo to LBJ, bluntly analysing the leaders of the British Labor Party, who were then on the verge of returning to power after twelve years in opposition. He speaks specifically of the Multi-Lateral Force, then a pet American project which the Labor Party leadership was strongly against. Neustadt argues, in effect, that the British *must* do what LBJ wants them to do in order to maintain good relations with the United States. *New Left Review*, a radical British bi-monthly, publishes it in order to demonstrate the client status of Britain vis-à-vis the United States. *NR* readers will find this document interesting in that it provides an excellent example of the kind of analysis that regularly crossed the desk of Lyndon Johnson during the great days of his Great Society. There is an evaluation by Andrew Kopkind, the Robespierre of the *New Statesman*, which will be of interest to students of far-out, left-wing journalism.

* * *

"Hippolyte Taine, Historian of the French Revolution," by Alfred Cobban (*History*, Vol. LIII, No. 179, Fall 1968).

The late Alfred Cobban here writes a fascinating piece on Hippolyte Taine, "the most influential and stimulating, the most dazzling, in a word perhaps the greatest of bad historians." Taine was a great French prose writer with an excellent mind, and had he been at all accurate with his facts and figures he might be more widely read today. As a historical sociologist he was constantly reducing history to formulae. This eventually led him to the ultimate rigid analysis for all literature and history, "*la race, le milieu, le moment.*" Cobban sheds a good deal of light on Taine's racial thinking and its later influence in France and Germany. This is an excellent study of the qualities that go into the making of an historian.

* * *

"The Higher Schooling in America," by Milton Friedman (*The Public Interest*, No. 11, Spring 1968).

Professor Friedman believes that the use of large sums of city, state and federal tax money to finance schooling beyond high school is "one of the greatest scandals of our time." Since the average income of the parents of students in typical state and city colleges is much higher than the average income of taxpayers in general, Friedman feels that in effect poor families in places like Watts are subsidizing the children of rich families in places like Beverly Hills. Educational opportunity and quality, he argues, can be broadened and increased by lowering government expenditures.

* * *

"Pareto and Pluto-Democracy: The Retreat to Galapagos," by S. E. Finer (*The American Political Science Review*, Vol. LXII, No. 2, Summer 1968).

Pareto is here depicted as a meritocrat who chose to be an elitist in order to fight the hereditary aristocracy of which he was a member in good standing. His rejection of democracy is explained with great intelligence by Mr. Finer, who does much to refute the charge of proto-fascism often leveled against Pareto. He was an individualist, a liberal in the nineteenth-century sense, who loved liberty first. "Our goal," he wrote, "is to have the minimum of government activity—to free ourselves from the clutches of the people who bleed the country white." A valuable contribution to the growing literature about Pareto.

* * *

"The Political Science of John Adams, A Guide to his Statecraft," by Stephen G. Kurtz (*The William and Mary Quarterly*, Vol. XXV, No. 4, Fall 1968).

There has been a great spate of interest in John Adams in recent years, and Professor Kurtz adds to this literature by asking some rather frank questions about the importance and originality of Adams' political thought. He concludes that Adams' writings were not really very original, that over three-fourths of his two major works, *Defense of the Constitutions* and *Discourses on Davila*, are direct quotations from other authors. We should not study Adams' writings *in vacuo*. Kurtz argues; but we should use them as a source of information about his politics and statecraft.

* * *

"Sukarno, The Ideologue," by Justus M. van der Kroef (*Pacific Affairs*, Vol. XLI, No. 2, Summer 1968).

Sukarno and Sukarnoism are here examined in great detail, placing much emphasis on Sukarno's fantastic rhetoric. The Sukarno era was, in the words of Adam Malik, Indonesia's present foreign minister, a period of collective hypnosis; "the climate came closer to madness, yet an old discredited politician, quoting Hamlet, remarked 'how much system [sic] there was in this madness.' " This essay will interest many *NR* readers, especially those interested in the methods of Communist takeovers.

* * *

"Ockham and Some Mertonians," by James A. Weisheipl, O.P. (*Mediaeval Studies*, Vol. XXX, 1968).

This year's volume of *Mediaeval Studies*, the official publication of the Pontifical Institute of Mediaeval Studies in Toronto, is dedicated to the memory of the late Ignatius Eschmann, O.P., an intellectual historian of the first rank. Father Weisheipl's article is worthy of Eschmann's reputation for high scholarship, and is an important contribution to the study of science and philosophy during the Middle Ages. William of Ockham, Walter Durley, Grosseteste, Thomas Swineshead and Thomas Bradwardine are all discussed at great length. The importance of the mediaeval Mertonians to the rise of modern scientific method and empirical philosophy is once again amply demonstrated.

* * *

"The Columbia Crisis: Campus, Vietnam and the Ghetto," by Allen H. Barton (*The Public Opinion Quarterly*, Vol. XXXIII, No. 3, Fall 1968).

A sociology of Columbia University during the year of the riot, statistically revealing student attitudes on such varied topics as Vietnam, the Presidential election, police action, etc. Professor Barton believes that there is "a distinct possibility that the massive civil disobedience practiced by a campus minority this spring may be transferred to the national political arena. . . ." There is much sociological blather about the generation gap and youthful alienation, but the article is still of some use.

* * *

"Ghosts and Benedictions," by Hugh Kenner (*Poetry*, Vol. CXIII, No. 2, Fall 1968).

Mr. Kenner has an eccentric originality, verging at times on genius, which invariably takes us to the heart of what he is writing about. He has many imitators among the modern critics; but none of them can write about contemporary poetry with his subtle understanding. This essay, in the tradition of his earlier volume, *The Counterfeiters*, is an excerpt from a work in progress called *The Pound Era*. Aficionados of James, Pound, Williams, et al., will be interested. □

(Book section continues on page 453)

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DELECTATIONS

The Day of the Leopard

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

BUCKLEY CHARLTON, in the wisdom of his six years, had put his finger on it. My brother John and I were about to take off for Mozambique on a hunting safari to the wonderment of the young male Charltons. Tommy, who is eight, and informed, had been carrying the conversation, asking intelligent questions. Buckley wanted in. He warned me against quicksand and then, not having gotten the desired reaction, gave a final admonition. "Aunt Priscilla," he said, "if you see a rhinoceros, don't step on his nose. Rhinos don't *like* that!" What worried Buckley was the element of danger and he didn't even know that when you shoot an elephant you should do so from within twenty yards—that's just 720 inches—or that you can shoot a water buffalo in the heart and sometimes he's made Hungarian goulash out of you before he knows he's dead. (Safrique, the excellent outfit that ran our safari, neglected to suggest to John and to me that we brush up on our tree climbing before hitting the bush.)

A week had passed and John and I were now old safari hands, so inured to our new schedule that we hadn't even blinked when Virgilio Garcia, our PWH (Professional White Hunter), informed us that we'd have to get up at 4:30 A.M.—half an hour earlier than usual—to be in a lion blind by dawn (blink we didn't; groan we did). Things were already starting to go wrong (that's the effect John and I frequently have catalytically on things). That night at dinner Mario, the houseboy, had brought in the soup resplendent in white mess jacket with epaulets and gold buttons and black, splayed, bare feet. "What happened to your shoes?" asked Garcia—Garcia had a temper that it took matters less grave than the quality of my shooting to trigger. The gist of the conversation—carried on in rapid Portuguese, and in dialect—was that someone had quoted Mario a good price for his shoes so he had sold them. "You don't serve the clients without shoes," shouted Garcia, "get them back." So it was a properly shod Mario who brought the steaming coffee and fresh orange juice to our beds the following morning, but he was late—very late. He explained that the gentleman who is the custodian of the sole alarm clock and consequently the cranker-up of the generator that turns the lights—and us—on, had rolled into camp royally sloshed well after dawn. In consequence the sun was not only rising in the East but practically setting in the West when we started out. The lions would be far gone by then but we went to check anyway and en route Blondie, the goodlooking head tracker, called a halt. He and the two skinners jumped out, wandered off looking here and there at the ground, casting about for tracks, picking up a leaf, focusing on the bark of a tree. He came back and talked softly to Garcia in dialect. A leopard. A big leopard had been hunting the area.

We recouped a haunch from a zebra we had used as bait for the lion. Two of the skinners shinnied up the tree cutting smaller branches away so that a high arching limb was stripped

and the view of it unobstructed from the ground. Others went into the woods and cut poles and branches to make a blind on a small rise 150 yards away. It would be an easy shot (and therefore mine—John drew the hard running shots). They brought a tarpaulin from the Jeep and a couple of bricks. I sat on them and held the gun so it covered the branch. The skinners meanwhile had pulled up the meat and hung it from the branch, high enough to escape the jackals and protected by the other branches from the sharp eyes of the vultures. When I had the exact spot in the scope, the boys made a rest for the gun so that I could hold it absolutely steady.

It was a little late—we had been detained by a sable antelope John had shot—when we returned the following afternoon and got in the blind. The branch, in the darkening afternoon, stood out grey against the background green and brown. And we waited. Very still. The African sun at that time of year—it was winter in Mozambique—drops quickly, the darkness descending by perceptible degrees almost like the house lights dimming in the theater. The chigger bites of the morning started to itch and the face to burn from too many hours in the sun. Garcia nudged me and whispered:

"See him . . . See the leopard?"

I squinted, the light was almost gone. I saw something, something moving on the limb, but not clearly enough to shoot. Garcia coached me. I was to shoot just below the left shoulder if he crouched along the branch, but at the base of the throat if he turned his head in our direction.

"Do you see him well enough to shoot?"

"No."

"No!" Incredulous.

"Look through the scope." The animal swam into focus—or almost into focus. Like the Cheshire cat the edges disappeared, the target area zoomed in and out of focus.

"Take your time. Head way up close to the scope. Remember to put the cross-hairs, not just the scope on the target."

AND THEY WAITED, all of them. Suddenly I caught him through the scope clearly, a great tawny beast, almost golden (not as I had thought, looking like Jackie Kennedy's leopard coat), taut and ready to spring, the bait held in front of him. He heard something and turned toward us. For a moment he was still, and I shot. A growl, a thud as he hit the ground and another angry roar-growl.

Garcia, Blondie and a tracker started out and John and I followed. "No," said Garcia, "stay there." The Jeep drove up, the men climbed in and

(Continues on page 450)

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DELECTATIONS

(cont. from p. 449)

picked up the bloodstained trail, using powerful searchlights. It disappeared into the forest while John and I stood still, in the chest-high elephant grass waiting, speaking quietly about the leopard and the chances of picking him up at night; repeating our wonder at the look of him, stretched out along that branch thirty feet in the air.

Some time later we saw the Jeep, coming out of the forest from a different direction, still a quarter of a mile or more away, moving very slowly as the lights swung left and right.

"Be sure not to shoot in that direction," said John.

And then, as it moved closer and we wondered—silently—whether a wounded leopard might just be between it, and us:

"Got a cartridge in the chamber?"

And then: "You use your rifle like a shotgun at close range. Don't try to sight through the scope."

An then, casually. "You know, Pitts, from what I've read the thing to do is to try to put the gun into the leopard's mouth and keep his claws away from the body . . ."

As it turned out, the leopard was not between us and the Jeep. It rained that night, a hard driving rain that beat a tattoo on our prefab hut, and I knew that they'd never pick up the trail in the morning although Garcia and the boys did their damnedest. Garcia thinks I must have shot him in the jaw, an inch or two above the base of the neck. But we'll never know.

Still, like Buckley I have become an authority. Should a wounded leopard, or a rhino, happen to come your way, just call on me. I know what to do—like not stepping on a rhino's nose. □

COYNE

(cont. from p. 433)

are the SDS types, for the student, frustrated at being cheated out of his education, finds that in order to force someone to listen to him he must throw in his lot with the radicals, for whom, in most cases he probably feels little more than contempt.

The tragedy is, of course, that when the confrontations end and when the SDSers and their ilk are appeased, the same old abuses will continue and the average student will be as frustrated as ever. Many of these abuses—administrative rigidity, indifference to individual human needs—should be capable of relatively easy solution. Other abuses, however—over-reliance on graduate students to prop up over-extended programs, professors unable to talk about esoteric interests and content to read from notes taken in graduate school decades before, other professors more interested in changing society according to some textbook recipe than in teaching their subjects—those abuses, in short, which fall solely within the academic sphere, are probably more difficult to cure.

Nevertheless, if officials and faculty do not want to see scores of thousands more of disenchanted students marching beneath the SDS banner, they should be cured, and the attempt must be made by those men who run the academy. At present the only source of any sort of educational reform seems to be the student body. This is a shame, for most of them are, after all, children, but children with legitimate grievances which they are, in the end, unable to remedy by themselves. One suspects that if faculty and administrators made a genuine attempt to provide the leadership expected of them, the SDS would find its supply of cannon fodder drastically curtailed. □

KLEIN

(cont. from p. 437)

1950s this in-service training was constantly improved, until with the opening of the outdoor range at Rodman's Neck in the early '60s it reached a peak of effectiveness unequaled in any large municipality. During the past two years (and apparently as the result of pressure brought to bear because of the outcry against violence, brutality and the use of firearms) the firearms training courses at Rodman's Neck have been pared to the bone and the precinct and armory firing ranges closed down entirely. A new rash of incidents in which policemen are killed by felons and by other policemen in so-called cases of mistaken identity can certainly be traced to this cutback in firearms training.

A serious problem that the Phantom does not mention is that a cop who is a good student can pass the various Civil Service exams easily and go from one category to another too quickly—such as from patrolman to sergeant to lieutenant to captain in just a few years; thus he becomes a supervisor without having had enough experience as an underling. For the policeman, there is no school that can take the place of actual experience in the street dealing with everyday problems as well as with extraordinary situations. Many of the problems in the Department today, including "cooping," can be blamed on improper supervision.

The "Blue Phantom" pleads for help. He and his fellow policemen throughout the country need and deserve all the help they can get. The John Birch Society and other far-out groups have latched onto this cause. It would be good if some influential group not looked upon as extremist or fanatic would actively take up the cause of the police. □

FITZGIBBON

(cont. from p. 431)

Can the Indians in India not vote in such a way as to show that what they want is food, not atomic power stations? Or will they be deprived of democracy if they do? Can the Egyptians not say thank you to the Russians for the Aswan Dam and no thank you to the MiGs? Can the American government not realize, as the old kings of France knew, that they are the government of all the people, and that "We, the People" is more than a cliché from a television courtroom? Can the British not understand that life should be vastly richer and more rewarding both than it is in Britain today and than it will be if the politicians have their way?

Perhaps not. If so, then Marx thou shouldst be living at this hour. Though if you were, you would scarcely be a Marxist. □

LETTERS

(cont. from p. 415)

one to inform the readers of NATIONAL REVIEW of that fact. Now I am curious (colorless) to know if the Smothers Brothers are curious (yellow) about Pete Seeger's curious Red?

Laurel, Md. JOSEPH M. SCOVITCH

Presidential Loneliness

Come on now, did you have to say that? ("The political scientists do not exaggerate when they stress the enormity of the psychic weight this nation imposes on its Chief Executives."—The Week, Mar. 25)

Golly gee, guys. After listening to Lyndon B. talking about the loneliness of the job, it was to be hoped that Mr. Nixon would be allowed to practice the Presidential art in a manly fashion. He asked for the job, didn't he? If the heat is too much he can get out of the kitchen (like LBJ), can't he?

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Why must we perpetuate this particular myth? The President has at his disposal the greatest array of expert help this country can provide. His decisions are no more psychic than those faced daily by the head of a large firm, of a military organization, or of a family (without the supporting structure of experts and money). The only thing the President is weighted down by is a bunch of publications repeatedly telling him that his is the loneliest job in the world, that the buck stops here, and that all history stands breathless waiting for his words.

Nuts! Let it all hang out. The President —any President—faces some difficult decisions and many of these decisions have a recursive and (sometimes) historic effect. Actually, however, his decision-making process carries less psychic weight than that involved in picking the double at Pimlico.

WALTER DARNELL JACOBS

College Park, Md.

Short-Sighted Conservatives

William Rickenbacker's review of Ruykeyser's *Collective Bargaining* etc. (March 25) reminds us that mankind still has a long way to go before "voluntarism" prevails, as he is confident it will, in organized labor-management relations.

The real slackers today earn their living by letting themselves be rallied once a year to vote for the politician of the so-called "conscience elite." They now flourish in elective office, in the welfare and education bureaucracies, in the fund-stuffed ghettos, and on the subsidized campuses. One has only to make a telephone call in New York to get a welfare raise for one's needy self or anybody's child. It costs too much to investigate.

We do well to resist big union monopoly in labor-management relations; but not by means of governmental restraints which can be interpreted by our radical intelligentsia as *class* restraints. We must avoid the mistake of driving our labor forces into opposition with respect to the laws. The Marxist-Marcusites are working feverishly these days, everywhere in the West, to unite workers, radical students, black militants, and sundry dissidents, in an unprincipled coalition against government. Our side desperately needs the nationalist conservative support of our patriotic productive classes. . . . Only conservative short-sightedness can bring on that "alienation" of the workers which is the last desperate hope of our Marcusite revolutionaries.

HENRY PAOLUCCI
Professor
Graduate School

Jamaica, N.Y. St. John's University

Pot

Re your editorial "What About Marijuana?" [Mar. 25]:

Would you *please* reconsider that myopic view by which you perceive superficial identities between Maharishi Mahesh Yogi and "a permanent pot high," which same alleged identity you determine to be antithetical to the "sense of affirmative mission" of Western man? The cultivation of a sense of affirmative mission is rudimentary in the philosophies of Maharishi, along with admonitions against the use of drugs. And if the effects of transcendental meditation are to be equated with a "permanent pot high," then so must be the effects of intense, sincere prayer in the Christian church.

I am not a disciple of Maharishi nor an apologist for the failures of Eastern philosophies, but I *have* made an attempt to understand them, which your writers obviously have not.

Topanga, Cal. JOHN S. NIENDORFF

Your editorial on marijuana pinpoints some important issues, but skirts several others. To wit:

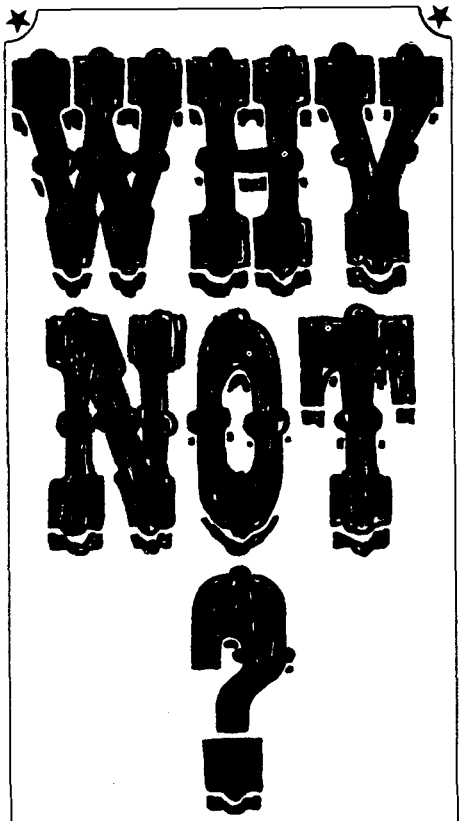
1) While it might be the case *now* that the use of marijuana is a symbolic act of protest, legalization would eliminate its symbolic import overnight. It doesn't require much imagination to guess how the student Left would reverse its rhetoric on a practice which had Gone Establishment.

2) Legalization of marijuana would permanently estrange the genuine hippies (those who enjoy pot-for-pot's-sake) from the exhibitionists of the "Pot Left" (really an oxymoron), who use cannabis as a bludgeon against the Establishment, and whose highs are probably pretty anemic anyway.

3) Characterizing the use of marijuana as "social suicide" is much too precipitous. First, as per above, many users of pot have already committed social suicide on ideological or pathological grounds, and are attracted to pot as a palliative to fill the void. Second, recent tests have indicated that experienced pot users are not only *not* incapacitated in their work, but perform more efficiently when high. A friend of mine wrote most of his Ph.D. dissertation stoned; the dissertation was accepted and he received his doctorate at Yale.

4) Finally, I predict that as the physical harmlessness of the drug is increasingly confirmed, the political debate is going to shape up between a) the conservative libertarians, who wish to maximize the domain of individual choice, and b) the left-liberal ideologues and pseudo-puritans (such as McGovern, Ted Kennedy and others) who will come to see a broader *social* issue in a drug which permits the luxury of a private Nirvana while the world is wracked by poverty, hunger, the bomb, racism, fascism, and the Military-Industrial Complex. This realignment of forces, I strongly suspect, will in turn bring the genuine hippies and thousands of students around to the Right side for a change.

New Haven, Conn. THOMAS BUSH



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[John] JEWKES:

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

A WORLD OF PROFIT, *by Louis Auchincloss (Houghton, $5.95).* Despite his tiring mannerisms, his annoying inconsistencies, his officious habit of over-interpreting every action of his characters, Louis Auchincloss does occasionally produce a fine novel. His latest book, *A World of Profit,* is his best work since *The Rector of Justin* (1964) and a thoroughly creditable effort. Still working with the usual Auchincloss stereotypes of the decaying old New York family and the ruthless, upstart entrepreneur, he manages to breathe real life into their matrimonial and financial struggles and to distribute the guilt for their ultimate downfall rather equitably. In this book, Auchincloss has allowed his characters more complex personalities and therefore more opportunities for experiencing believable stress and anguish, and he has at last made convincing use of his legal background in describing the proxy fight and divorce suits which are the climax of the novel.

T. K. MEIER

THE POWER OF THE UNKNOWN CITIZEN, *by Paul Kresh (Lippincott, $4.95).* The thesis is that "the citizen has far more power than he realizes, not only on election day but every day." The documentation is thumbnail on a couple of dozen obscurities who tipped the scales of justice, or got the streets swept, or purified the Raritan. The book is marred by carelessness (Storm King is not "pristine": a highway scars its eastern slope; the St. Croix flows "past" Stillwater and Bayport, not Minneapolis and St. Paul; Mr. Kresh should have, on page 202, his "essential agreement" not his "essential argument" with society) and by imbalance (nine-tenths of the heroes are of the Left) and by superficiality (there is no discussion of the central point: How to create and perpetuate a social order in which the individual has real rights, and whence come these rights?). But there's an edible nut in every husk. I would commend the book for its description of the selection process behind the Letters column of the *New York Times* and for the simple and dignified biographical sketches of people who did not have to freak out in order to assert their individual being over against the State.

W. F. RICKENBACKER

ROMAN IMPERIALISM IN THE LATE REPUBLIC, *by E. Badian (Cornell, $4.95).* It is doubtful that Professor Badian's book (which is made up of six lectures delivered in 1965 at the University of South Africa) will please either economic historians or Marxists. For Professor Badian is convinced that the imperialism of the Roman republic was not to any significant degree an economic phenomenon. Moreover, he is convinced that the most salient characteristic of this non-economic imperialism (aside from its non-economic nature) was the fact that the empire involved was acquired more or less in a fit of absence of mind, and only because it was obvious that the safety of the republic could not be guaranteed other than by the acquisition of territory. That the acquisition of territory, which was necessary for the preservation of the republic, played an important part in the destruction of republican government, may of course be a lesson for us. But perhaps there is also a lesson in the fact that the *civitas romana,* under the Empire, survived to civilize the known world.

J. C. LOBDELL

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Nixon's 'Workable' Proposals

On The Right

Washington, April 24—Mr. Nixon was apparently pressed to adumbrate his proposals for domestic reform ahead of schedule, and he was good-humoredly annoyed. He wanted to take his time, one gathers. So that, in his press conference, he chided some of his pursuers by observing that reforms are very easily proposed by those who have merely to tap them out on their typewriters; but that what he strove after was "workable" reforms.

Now a "workable" reform can mean one of several things, and Mr. Nixon was careful not to specify which he had in mind. By "workable" he might mean a) a reform that he might hope to pass through a Congress which, after all, is organized by Democrats. Or he might mean by "workable" b) a reform which the public would tolerate, the public and the Congress not being, on all matters, agreed. Or he might mean c) workable in the sense that it would work, i.e. that things would actually improve, by almost everybody's reckoning, upon the passage of such a reform.

Consider a few examples. Lowering taxes, at this particular moment, could probably get through a) and b), but not c)—the threat of inflation being as it is. Lowering the oil depletion allowance substantially might get past b) and c), but not a). Eliminating the draft and substituting a volunteer military would probably make it through tests a) and c), but not, Gallup tells us, b).

IT IS IN SUCH QUANDARIES as these that one sees especially the necessity for the leader, who concerns himself primarily with what is workable in fact, and then mobilizes public opinion and Congress to go along. The politicians' temptation is usually in the other direction—to consult first what a Congress led by the opposition party will likely consent to go along with; keeping a weather eye on public opinion—and ignore even a fight for what it is that should be done and which a morally and empirically alert public might be persuaded to sanction if the case for it is cogently made.

Mr. Peter Drucker has written an essay which, really, Mr. Nixon and his advisers should closely read. It is a part of his book, *The Age of Discontinuity*, and it is called the "Sickness of Government."

Government, Mr. Drucker says, is precisely not a "doer." Its role is to focus on that which, in behalf of people, needs publicly to be accomplished. But the moment the government seeks to do what needs doing by itself, it almost guarantees poor results. Mr. Drucker goes so far as to observe that if the government had done absolutely nothing at all in the big cities, said cities would probably be better off today than they are now. And he gives examples in other parts of the world which lend credence to his gruesome conclusions.

One of the reasons why government is not a doer, he stresses, is that it proves almost impossible to get governments out of a bad engagement. He cites, among others, the farm subsidy program, which goes on and on and on, because the elimination of it would be blocked by a). The virtue of private business is perhaps what it can accomplish. But its principal virtue, viewed as a coordinate institution of government, is that it is capable of going broke. There is, always, some relation between the goal of a business and the survival of a business. Henry Ford the First was forced to retire his Model T and Henry Ford the Second was forced to retire his Edsel. If the Fords had been the government, the Model T would still be chugging along. Could we not gear all government enterprises to performance, providing for their automatic elimination when they cease to provide what services they are set up to achieve?

Mr. Drucker's thesis, as elaborated by him, is above all exciting because it is eminently workable according to standard c). The notion, for instance, of turning over the Post Office to some sort of public corporation was proposed even by a Democratic Postmaster, Mr. O'Brien. If Mr. Nixon were to strike out audaciously, in pursuit of a new relationship between government and the executives of government policy, he might, just might, win the approval of a dumbfounded Congress. Certainly he could attract the excitement of the public. Granted there would be many casualties: precisely those expensive accretions (the Brooklyn Navy Yard multiplied by one thousand) which we need to do away with in order to get government back to the business of governing, rather than doing, or administering. □

HARVARD AND THE POLICE

New York, April 20—The whole nation, one gathers from the attention of the press, hangs in suspense wondering what Harvard will do. Understandably so. Because Harvard is the oldest university around and because Harvard's continuing reputation as (in some respects) Number One derives in part from its sense of self-assurance. Harvard, it is popularly supposed, is even capable of being reactionary and getting away with it.

Will it—the melodrama has us at the precipice—actually *punish* the malefactors? Or will it go the usual route and produce a professor or whatever who will patiently explain in behalf of the faculty why it was—perhaps deplorable—but in certain ways understandable—taking every factor into consideration—never losing sight of the psychological strains of the day—bearing in mind the necessary consequences of the Industrial Revolution—to say nothing of the French Revolution—why it is perhaps understandable that some students should feel it necessary to sling college deans over their shoulders, march them down the stairs of the Administration Building, and fling them to the ground. After all, they did not fling them into the Charles River, which suggests the triumph of moderation. Up Harvard.

IT WILL BE A WHILE, an eternity maybe, before us plain folk will arrive at an understanding of the faculty of Harvard, who so narrowly declined to censure President Pusey for calling in the police.

But the time surely has come to examine the psychological aversion to the institution of the police, which, one gathers, figured so largely in the discussions of the faculty. The position at Harvard, like the position a year ago at

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Columbia, is that the police are an evil thing. And it follows that to summon an evil thing to the campus is an evil thing to do. One professor at Harvard put it explicitly when he said that it is next to impossible to excuse the introduction into a college campus of policemen.

It is time to re-evaluate the policeman. It is popular among American liberals in particular, but also among many American conservatives, to conceive of the policeman as the agent of repression. It is certainly true that most "governments" have, in history, used cops to repress rather than to liberate. Hitler's cops and Stalin's, like Genghis Khan's and Caligula's, were not engaged in expanding human freedom. The attempt to project that Cop as the same Cop who was summoned by Mr. Pusey is at least a failure in imagination, certainly a failure of intellect, which is supposed to be the thing that Harvard professors are best at not doing.

WHEN, A YEAR AGO, Columbia was beleaguered by the revolutionists, Professor George Stigler of the University of Chicago wrote to the *New York Times* to observe that precisely the index of the successful college was the absence of any necessity for a resident constabulary.

Ideally, a college should have in it not a single campus policeman—well, maybe one who shepherds home the occasional boy who has drunk too deeply of the draft of fraternity life. To suppose, by such reasoning, that Columbia, or Harvard, would have hanging around a body of men sufficient to cope with a hundred or two hundred students who decide to ignore all the rules, occupy buildings, paralyze the educational process, belabor university officials: such a force does not and should not exist within a campus. The question then is: Do you call in the cops, or do you yield to such pressures as the whole of education teaches you to guard against: the pressures of brawn and fanaticism?

The point of this lesson is that policemen are, in certain circumstances, precisely the agents of civilization and humanity. Their availability is something that the forces of reason and enlightenment should celebrate, rather than deplore. The dogmatic rejection of the police by so many members of the Harvard faculty is sad testimony to their ignorance of the necessity, under certain circumstances, of the use of force. One wishes, forlornly, that the Weimar Republic had had more policemen, and that they had succeeded, back when it might have worked, in rescuing those who were so permanently, so tragically, victimized by the uproarious students who fought and bled for Hitler. □

THE FATE OF THE BROTHERS ROSTOW

New York, April 26—Professor Robert Strausz-Hupé once remarked mordantly that the trouble with conservatives is that they do not retrieve their wounded. Though conservatives owe them a debt, the Brothers Rostow are hardly themselves conservative. Their father was a radical, and in his enthusiasm for social consciousness he named one son Walt Whitman, the other Eugene Debs. Both prospered in the tough academic world, attaining high professional offices, respectively as an economist and as a lawyer, and high prestige also in the world of ideology, which they served faithfully as Stakhanovite liberals. Then came Vietnam.

Walt Rostow went to Lyndon Johnson and stayed right through his term. He was an unabashed supporter of the strategy that called for stopping the Communists in South Vietnam. When Johnson's entourage got around to planning the future, it was generally expected that Walt Rostow would return as professor of economics at MIT where he had taught for so many years, attracting more scholarly attention than anyone in his department possibly excepting Paul Samuelson. But MIT could find no place for him. Officials gave out the excuse that alas there was no opening, and in any case, Professor Rostow's economics must have become a little rusty over all those years when he was concerned with other matters. The academic community knew what was behind the Aesopian overlay: ideological vindictiveness, pure and simple. If Rostow had flirted with pro-Communism, that would have been something else: MIT warmheartedly reinstated Professor Dirk Struik a dozen years ago. But Rostow had flirted with anti-Communism, and that we liberals will not tolerate.

Eugene Rostow, who also served Lyndon Johnson, was permitted back to the Yale Law School, which he had served as dean for ten years. To do his colleagues justice, lest their zeal for revenge against ideological apostasy be thought to be less ardent than that of their brothers at MIT, they had no choice in the matter: Eugene Rostow was away from Yale for only two years, and he had a leave of absence; so that he had the right to return. How was he greeted?

At Yale, the boys bring out a slick-left expensively produced fortnightly, a baby edition of the *New York Review of Books*.

A law student in the current issue discusses the return of Professor Rostow. "I went to lunch one day in November and heard that Eugene Rostow was returning to teach two courses for the spring term. We talked for a while about how we should welcome him back. I must admit none of the suggestions were very complimentary."

Ah, but the students showed a certain generosity of spirit towards the public sinner. "Even though some students have continued to talk of boycotting his classes or disrupting them, none of this talk has been turned into action." Not that the students were altogether forgiving: "In fact, the only organized student response to his return has been a Rostow Brothers Film Festival, in which three movies showing Vietnam atrocities . . . were shown. Before the event, all was quiet. It was only afterwards, in a rare moment when Rostow lost his composure and tore down one of the posters, that the students reacted"—by posting a caricature of an announcement by the dean criticizing that kind of thing.

The author has mixed feelings about the genteel ostracism of the former lion of the campus—perhaps things should have been made worse for him. "I think that two years ago, and even last year at the beginning of the McCarthy campaign, a more extreme and negative response to Rostow's return would have occurred. This is not to say that such a response would have been proper or the best of tactics, but only that there would have been a much stronger need to react."

One supposes that it is a sign of the diminished conscience of the students at Yale that they have not seized the Law School Administration Building, physically ousted Mr. Rostow, and demanded his immediate expulsion. That is the way they are doing things at Harvard, where men are men. At Yale, the forms of torture are more Oriental: condign punishment for men who crossed the Vietcong. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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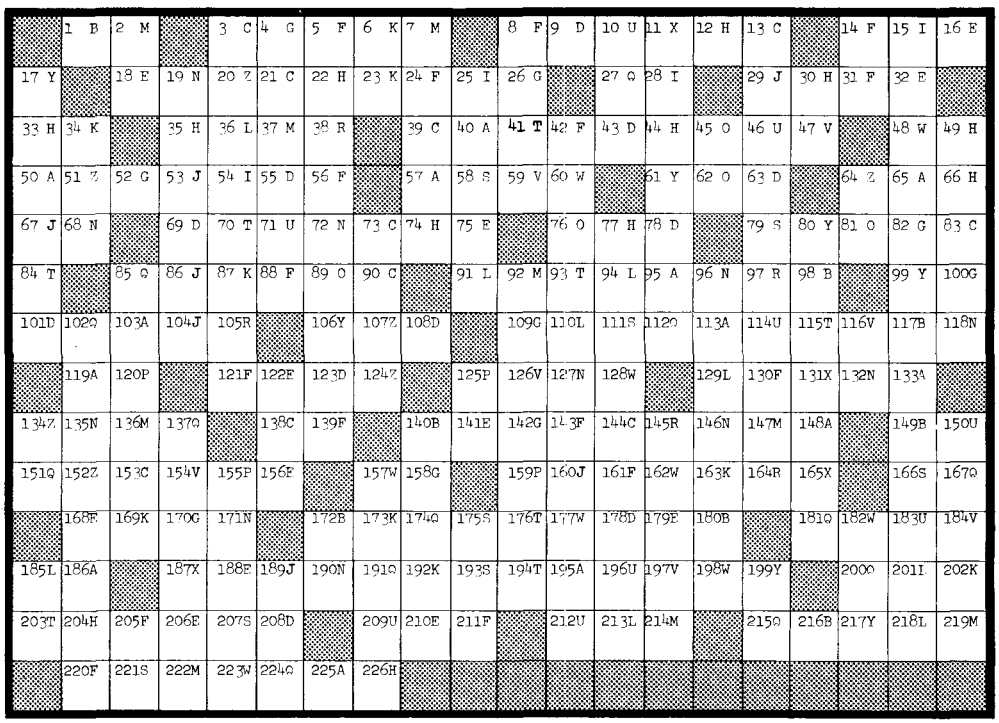
Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (below) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in below, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 452 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram



DEFINITIONS

A. *Onopordon Acanthium*; it has heads of purple flowers — 133 40 50 57 103 186 195 65 95 113 / 119 148 225

B. Adjective for excellent or perfect order — 216 149 172 180 117 140 1 98

C. What a stenographer often does after having taken dictation — 153 13 39 83 3 73 138 144 21 90

D. *Ardeola ibis*; it feeds on insects on or around grazing animals — 178 9 43 55 63 69 78 208 101 108 / 123

E. Sailors on horseback or cavalrymen aboard ship — 210 122 141 156 16 168 179 188 206 18 / 32 75

F. French painter, 1824-98 — 220 5 31 42 56 205 88 143 8 24 / 121 130 139 161 211 14

G. Remains in the market beyond the point where a sale would have yielded the greatest profit — 4 52 100 109 158 82 142 26 170

H. A structural frame having crisscrossed diagonals between chords — 12 30 33 35 44 49 66 74 77 204 / 226 22

I. He gets sore if you write his name backwards — 15 25 28 54

J. Mounting stamps in an album — 29 53 86 189 67 104 160

K. A type of paints (pl.) — 34 192 87 202 169 6 173 163 23

L. This adjective would confuse a horse — 213 185 110 129 36 94 218 201 91

M. This would command a high price — 2 147 37 92 214 219 7 136 222

N. Incidental or passing remarks, opinions, etc. — 72 96 127 135 19 68 118 132 146 171 / 190

O. A type of struggle — 45 62 76 81 89

P. Auricular — 120 125 159 155

Q. Cowardliness — 137 85 102 112 151 174 181 191 200 215 / 224 27 167

R. An island — 164 38 97 145 105

S. Captain Billy's magazine of a generation ago — 79 58 175 193 166 221 207 111

T. Bringing bad fortune — 93 41 203 70 194 176 115 84

U. With an equivalent given in retaliation — 114 196 183 71 150 10 209 46 212

V. Don't wait 500 miles to change this — 126 59 154 116 197 184 47

W. References to authorities or precedents — 182 177 60 48 223 157 162 198 128

X. What you need to get even — 187 11 165 131

Y. Night clothes (not armor) — 99 80 217 61 17 106 199

Z. Controversial — 124 107 51 134 64 152 20

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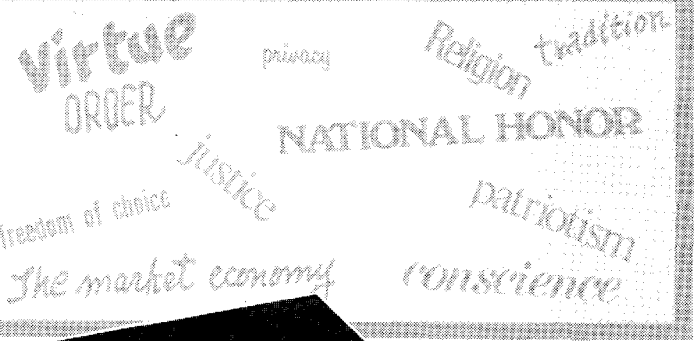
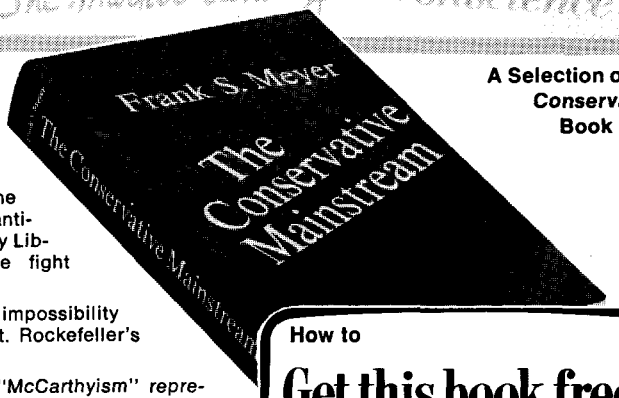
Shouldn't the new Administration be guided by the ideas — and ideals — in this major statement of the conservative position?



THE CONSERVATIVE MAINSTREAM

by Frank S. Meyer



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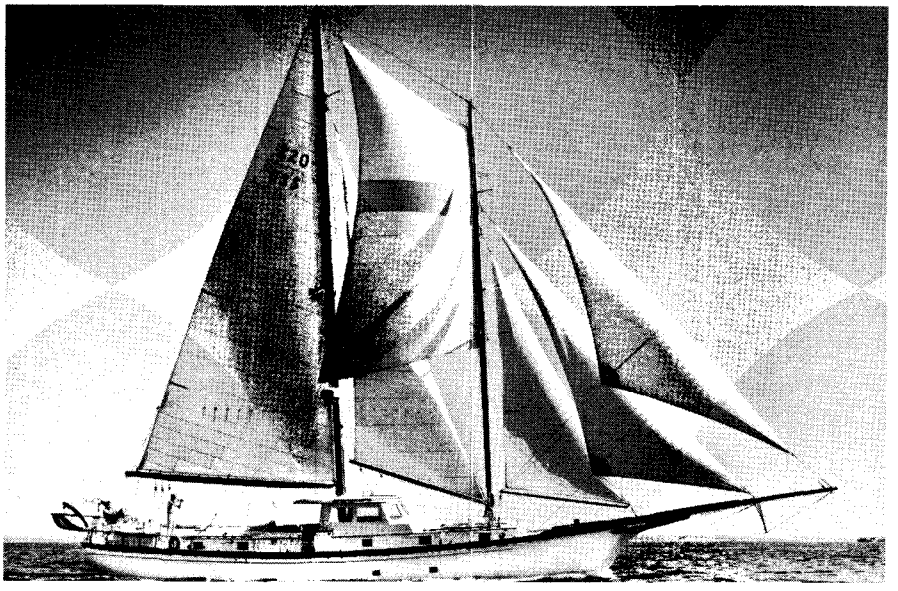

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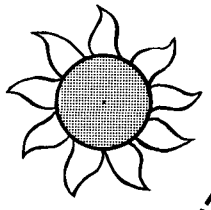

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